



LOOKING FORWARD

▶▶ SET DOWN ANOTHER amazing fact for the year nineteen thirty—the Ostrich becomes the official bird of the Prohibitionists. Consider the spectacle in and out of the halls of Congress. Dry senators like Norris and Borah inquiring into the personnel of the Prohibition unit. Solemn economists like Professor Fisher listing all the points they can think of in favor of Prohibition. High Priests like Bishop Cannon cabling that the Wets haven't any arguments anyway. Embattled Drys asking for ten years more, twenty years more, in order to make good, while America pushes on to its moral millenium. So runs the Prohibition argument.

▶▶ AND EVEN AS this babble rises, the Literary Digest reports city after city, town after town voting heavily for repeal or modification—against Prohibition. College after college votes two to one against the Dry Law. Magazine after magazine, newspaper after newspaper joins the ranks of protest. From the regiments of our young men spring the Crusaders, with two million members as their goal within two years.

▶▶ WHAT HAS BECOME of the common sense of the Drys? Have they become simply Old Men, hanging blindly on to power? The aim of the Eighteenth Amendment is to make every man and woman in this country a teetotaler by law, by force. What are its enforcers going to do with these millions of Americans who are signifying their refusal? What army of enforcement is going to put in jail these hundreds of thousands of American citizens? Is the W. C. T. U. ready for such violence? Is the Anti-Saloon League prepared to officer this army?

◀◀ LET US NOT mistake the temper of the times. Government in this country rests upon the consent of the governed. To continue Prohibition is futile. Real enforcement in the face of such numbers means Civil War.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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THE ART OF MAKING MONEY PLENTY

IN EVERY MAN'S

POCKET; BY

Doctor

Franklin



At this time the complaint is, that we are so poor, that we must
 * an act of kindness & in the end how they reinforce
 their * we all acquaint with the secret of * making
 the certain way * full empty || to how & keep them ways full.
 Two simple * observed we all do the business 1st Let
 ho * and * thy cost * comparisons 2^d If one *
 every day less than thy * gains I * shall thy *
 soon * gin to the * we, thy end * tors will n^or insult thee
 nor w * of * nor hunger I * nor * freeze thee, the
 whole hemi * will sh * ne * hter and pleasure
 sp * up in every * er of thy ♥

Now thereby emb * these * and * Happy B. Franklin

Outlook

and Independent

April 16, 1930

►► In Defense of the Spendthrift ◀◀

By EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

The old American philosophy of thrift is under fire these days. It has such distinguished defenders as Calvin Coolidge and such distinguished critics as Henry Ford. There is room, of course, for both the spender and the saver. It is all a matter of values. Mrs. Blair, who is well known to Outlook readers, tells why she prefers spending to hoarding

IN HIS autobiography Calvin Coolidge pays his respects to those who spend all they make. A friend of mine recently related to me an experience with his bankers which revealed the same attitude towards the spendthrift. He had gone to his bank for a small loan.

"What we can't understand," one of the bankers had said, "is what you do with your money. You make lots of it. But you don't save it. Every month you just miss paying a service charge for falling below the required balance."

"But I don't want to save money," he had explained. "I have no use for money except to spend it. I have no desire to be rich. I would not own this bank if I could. I want to enjoy life, and I spend my money in ways that make me do it."

"Well how do you spend it?" he was asked by one of the bankers, a man whose salary was probably far less than my friend's income but who was climbing rapidly into the capitalist class.

"Oh—my family lives well, very well. That costs money. We entertain. That costs money. We travel. We subscribe to many things you would probably not think worth while. We give our children every opportunity, some of which might seem foolish to you, but we prefer giving them these opportunities to leaving them money. We have a home that is filled with things that we love to have about us. It is our pleasure to make it as perfect a place as possible. We get the thrill out of that which you do out of a bank balance." And then, lest they think him entirely shiftless, he added: "Of course

we keep up a life insurance that can take care of our old age. We know we can cash in our house and furniture and objets d'art if necessary. In fact, they look just now like better investments than some of your friends' stocks.

"We might not, of course, get all they are worth but we will get something and what we would lose by forced sale we would charge off as rent for the pleasure they have given us. If we never need to sell them our children will enjoy them or sell them. You see we prefer putting our money into something that pays enjoyment instead of interest and that helps us to create our idea of the good life."

As the men looked at the ceiling my friend realized that he was considered a little off mentally. At last one spoke: "Stocks and bonds are collateral. You could borrow money on them. You have no collateral."

"But why should I need collateral?" he asked. "I have a good and fairly assured income for many more years. You know what it is and where it comes from. You know I have insurance in case of sickness or death. And you know I pay my bills."

"Oh, your moral credit is unimpeachable. It is your financial credit that is shaky. You spend every cent you make. You do not save anything."

For a moment, he told me, he saw

himself the prodigal son. Then sanity returned. He said to himself. "But I am no prodigal. Everything I buy is good and is bought for a worthy purpose. I eat no more than is necessary. I simply insist that what I eat be good food, served properly. I work hard.

I play less than most of my friends. I contribute to the public weal. I give to those who need it. No, I am not a prodigal. I will not say: 'Bankers, I have sinned against morality and against thee and am no more worthy to be called thy debtor.' No, waste is not the opposite of saving nor is it the synonym for spending."

Yet his philosophy of life, he confessed, had had a jar. Since my philosophy had been somewhat similar to his, I sat down, after he left, to consider the case for the spendthrift.

What had impressed my friend at this conference was the emphasis laid on his failure to save. His liability for the amount asked was not questioned. The size of his income seemed to have no weight. According to the percentages of salaries which a banker may safely lend as laid down in a book on *Money* by Samuel Crowther he was good for many times as much as he had ever borrowed at a bank. He understood perfectly—they meant him to understand—that a salaried man who made only a quarter of his yearly income, but who saved part of it, would be granted what he asked. His intention to pay was not suspect nor even the probability of his doing so. He had lived a long time in that community and always paid. His industry was well known.

"For one moment," my friend said

to me, "I was tempted to say to these bankers: 'The reason I make as much money as I do is because I spend as much as I do.' Perhaps I was even tempted to say more: 'The reason I earn so much more than some of you is because I live as I do.' But reason prevailed. I knew it would be futile to attempt to convince these men that those very qualities in me that had placed me in the position to earn the income I did were the same qualities that made me spend instead of save and that once I did violence to those qualities or sought to restrain them by saving I would be in the position of the dead goose who laid the golden egg."

I KNEW that he was right. I had discovered this for myself. At the same time, in fact, that I adopted my philosophy of life. I knew then as I know now that you cannot make over a man or a woman without spoiling the model. All you can do is to put the qualities to work in some way that will bring good rather than evil results. Long ago, for instance, I saw that my desire to collect things to design an environment would, if not dealt with, lead to disaster. I asked myself what it was that drove me beyond all reason to spend my money for things. And I realized that it was to express myself in my surroundings. I noted then that what success I had attained was due to this desire. To stifle it, I felt, was impossible. Sooner or later, so strongly did it ride me, it would wreck my fortunes. Far better, I thought, to make terms with it and see if I could not utilize it in some way as to make it into asset instead of a liability. I strove no longer to curb my longing for beautiful things. I expressed myself to the limit of my income. And strange to say, as I did so, opportunities opened to me to make that self-expression remunerative.

"Where I differ from those bankers," my friend had explained to me, "is in my conception of what constitutes the good life."

I pondered this statement for a long while. And once again I knew that he was right. The ideal of the money-savers is that of safety, or of power. The ideal of safety is easily apprehended. Safety means assurance against poverty, emergency, worry. The ideal of power is equally comprehensible. Power ensures one against slavery. It also expands the ego, and lifts one above the mob.

My friend's ideal of the good life may be called that of experience. And since he loves beauty, what he chooses above all else to experience are the sensations he enjoys in the presence of beauty. Beauty means to him a well-ordered, dignified manner of living, completeness on a designed scale. To be specific, it meant servants before money, space to insure privacy, and a method of satisfying his animal needs that also satisfied his aesthetic senses. It called for satisfaction of his mental needs by means of books, companionship, travel, and by harmonious domestic and social relationships. And, more important than all to him, the gratification of his spiritual needs by the opportunity to practice generosity, kindness, courtesy, and by a refusal to accept the jungle methods of money-getting. It called for emphasis on creation instead of competition. The creation of harmony, line, color—this was to him the purpose of life and in his own way and to the limit of his talents he sought to realize them in the pattern of his life.

The fundamental difference between such an idea of the good life and that of the money-saver should be apparent. One lives in the present, the other in the future. One is devoted to composition, the other to self-protection. One develops caution, the other something of the gambling spirit. It is this element of gambling, doubtless, that makes the man who has this ideal a suspect to the banker. Yet—although I cannot claim that I was actuated by any such altruistic purpose—I have sometimes thought that if the development of the human species is the ultimate purpose of life, and if society itself is ever to improve its organization, those who seek this ideal may be, in the long view of the prophet and historian, considered the safest social risks.

Granted this ideal of experience, which I interpreted in terms of self-expression and he in those of beauty, as the most desirable use to which life may be put, there naturally follows the philosophy of life we adopted. Never to seek safety from saving, never to desire the power of wealth. But to get the fullest life possible out of what we have as we go along, to spend our earnings to gratify our tastes and enlarge that experience.

I cannot claim that the acceptance of it makes always for happiness. To live among people committed to a philos-

ophy of wealth when you are planning a life without it is, to say the least, difficult. There are moments when you forget your philosophy, times when your ideal seems unimportant and others when the necessities of the hour make you wish you had adopted the other. You do not, of course, settle down to it consistently. But in the long run it serves its advocates. True, there come times when you must deny yourselves. There may come times when you are forced to borrow from relatives or friends. And strange to say, although you do not ask as often or as large amounts as the wealth pursuers themselves, such borrowings seem a matter of embarrassment to you and of resentment to them. Once I did not understand either of these feelings. But now I see that they were caused by this difference in the two philosophies that made the bankers turn down my friend. He wasn't playing the game as they knew the rules.

AND HERE, to absolve my friend, I would explain that he thought he was playing the game of banking, which to him did not involve the game of getting ahead. He went to the bank to purchase a loan as he would go into a store to buy a hat. He was willing to pay handsomely for it. And they knew that he would repay the principal. As he looks at it banks go into business to make money. To do so they seem to need deposits. On the other hand, he wants the convenience of having temporarily a safe place for his money. Very well, he will deposit his money. If they can make money for themselves out of it, well and good. If his balance is so low that they cannot, he will pay them a service charge. They would hardly offer such service if it were not in the long run profitable for them. What he does with his money does not seem to him to enter into this relationship. Nor does it commit him to respect for the ability to lend money. If the banker prefers to lend his money instead of spending it, that is his business. But my friend cannot see why the banker is, therefore, any more virtuous than himself.

Yet it is logical that the two philosophies should produce different standards of value. The other day a young man said to me, speaking of a very successful man: "I am sorry for Blank. He started out to make money. And now before his is fifty he's got two million. He really doesn't want any

more. He'd like to enjoy himself. But he hasn't the slightest idea how to go about it."

I remembered this man as a generous, open-hearted boy, interested in the pleasures of the mind, going at life with a desire to put something into it and get development out of it. What had happened to him? And it came to me that in order to get ahead he had been so compelled to exalt the importance and care of money that now he cannot see other values. Try as he will to be generous, the idea of profit will intrude. Endeavor as he may to play, he feels a sense of guilt that time is being wasted. Seek as he does to enjoy the possession of things, their finer points are lost in their commercial value. And to protect his ego he must decry the purely cultural values, the play of mind, self-expression in others, creativeness in art and literature, as something puerile and weak. He has lost all capacity to get enjoyment through spending. The philosophy of saving has brought him to this.

Perhaps I can make clear what I mean by a difference in values by giving some instances which illustrate it. Two men were discussing a mutual friend who had embezzled a large sum. One of them had a keen property sense. The second man had almost none. The

first man was insisting that the defaulter be turned over to the law. The second objected. "Don't you see," he explained, "that this dishonesty is like an ugly cancer in that man's character? Going to the penitentiary wouldn't cure it. But if we stood by him and helped him begin again he might be able to expiate this wrong. This dis-

me that she had frankly said to him: "You have no right to ask this sacrifice of your family." But I knew that this man's profession had forced him daily for many years to acts that made his soul sick. Tenderhearted, sympathetic with the underdogs as he had been, it was his business to prosecute them, to cut them down to the lowest penny possible, to look upon suffering and want with a cold, impartial eye. He felt, I knew, that this was his great opportunity to absolve himself and get back spiritual health. It seemed to me that his family could not ask him to make the sacrifice of staying home.

The third instance had to do with a young woman's marriage. Among her several suitors was the heir to millions. Her mother discouraged the engagement. She realized that the liking the girl had for him was not love and that a marriage without love would be hazardous for a girl of her daughter's

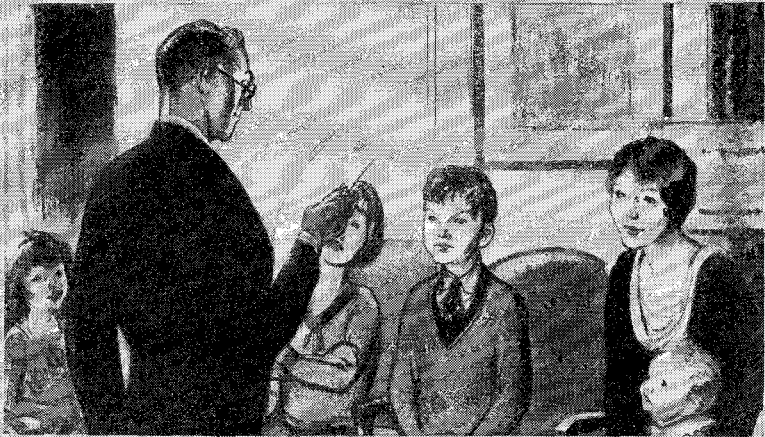
emotional temperament and attraction for men. A little later she approved her daughter's marriage to a poor boy with his own way to make.

"You are the first mother I've ever known," said one of her friends to her, "who preferred her daughter to marry a poor husband. I do not see how you could conscientiously do it." Again a

(Please Turn to Page 637)

The **JONES FAMILY**, *not Inc.*

has its ANNUAL MEETING *and* FINANCIAL REPORT



Father reads

TO THE STOCKHOLDERS—GREETINGS

"Last year we earned \$5,863.20. We spent \$4,820.07. We put \$300 in the Savings Bank toward paying off the mortgage. New operating equipment purchased includes the following items: 1 Radio — 1 Electric Washer — 1 Fox Terrier. Savings Bank deposits of family total \$6,425.12 including new account for Mary Jane of \$9.28."

RUN YOUR HOME ON A BUSINESS BASIS

MAKE DEPOSITS REGULARLY IN THE SAVINGS BANK

Be sure the Bank has Savings in the name

Courtesy Savings Banks Asso. of the State of N. Y.

Posters play a part in the savings banks' campaign against the spendthrifts

covery and our help might serve as an operation. And the man's soul saved." It was evident to me that neither man understood the other. Their sense of values was so different.

On another occasion I was talking to a friend about a man who desired to go overseas with the ambulance corps. His going meant financial sacrifice on the part of his family. My friend told

➤➤ Venture in Independence ◀◀

By C. C. NICOLET

FIFTY YEARS AGO, an unrepresented minority in any community could establish a newspaper organ with a few hundred dollars. A dozen fonts of type, a cheap hand press, a printer and an itinerant editor would do the trick. In those days, a newspaper was an organ of opinion which now and then printed some news as a sideline, and took what business came its way.

Today a newspaper is a business institution first, a purveyor of news second, and an organ of opinion third—if at all. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are required to start a new newspaper with any faint hope of success. Wire services, comic strips, and special features alone multiply to many times the total cost of issuing a paper in the old days. Linotypes and other composing room equipment, stereotyping apparatus and presses in a relatively small city reach a figure that would have astounded a metropolitan editor of two generations ago.

The natural result of the growing importance of the business office and the increasing cost of issuing a newspaper is that it has become increasingly harder for minority groups, or even majority groups which happen to represent a minority of the communal wealth, to maintain an organ of opinion. The fear has been growing—especially since Democratic paper after Democratic paper has consolidated (at a profit) with more prosperous Republican rivals—that the day of the newspaper as a representative of opinion has vanished; that the newspapers of any relatively small community must necessarily represent the majority bankers, the majority politicians, the majority department store owners, the majority public utilities and nothing more.

Rarely has the accuracy of this supposition been tested. Any attempt to prove the other side involves an investment far greater than is justified by the spirit of scientific investigation. But a combination of unusual circumstances has made it possible for

The fear has been growing, what with the increasing cost of operation and the concurrent growing importance of the business office, that the day of the newspaper as an organ of opinion and a champion of liberal causes has passed. There is a sound basis for that fear; but the story of the Portland (Me.) "Evening News" suggests that the situation is not hopeless. Mr. Nicolet was until recently an associate of Dr. Gruening, the editor

one fairly well defined test of the theory to be made, and it seems to be proving, most emphatically, that the theory is all wrong; that even in this day of high finance and great cost, a free newspaper can force its way to success in a community which for years has been served exclusively by one-sided organs of opinion which had little or no conscience about the alteration or suppression of news to suit the convenience of their owners.

The experiment is being made in

Portland, Maine, where, for a little more than two years Dr. Ernest Gruening has been editing a paper in open opposition to the Insull-Wyman utility interests, the Wyman-Gannett banking interests, and the Gannett journalistic interests which have virtually controlled the state for nearly a decade.

Maine cannot, it is true, be considered as a typical American community from the journalistic standpoint. Its publishers never have grown into the modern viewpoint that a newspaper should purvey news rather than personal opinion. None of its newspapers, prior to the birth of the *Portland Evening News* in October, 1927, ever operated upon the notion that a daily paper should print accounts of all the interesting events of the day, even if they should happen to reflect an opinion that did not agree with that of

the owner. The public, long inured to prejudiced news, did not usually object to it except when it disagreed with it. Then, too, the Maine citizen is almost as stolid and as cold to new ideas and new people as he is traditionally supposed to be. A newspaper or an idea is regarded as conservative or radical not because of any inherent quality in itself, but because it has been circulating in Maine for a long time or a short time. By journalistic standards, the *Portland Evening News* is more conservative in news treatment than its somewhat sensational competitors; but to the public, the *News* is sensational because it is new, the others conservative because they are old.

Maine also differs from most other states in that the electric utilities interests have been able to obtain an even stronger grip than in most other sections upon politics, finances and business as well as upon the power industry itself. Yet, despite these points of difference, Maine made a not imperfect laboratory for an experiment in journalism—an experiment in the possibility of establishing in a "sewed-up" community, a newspaper designed to



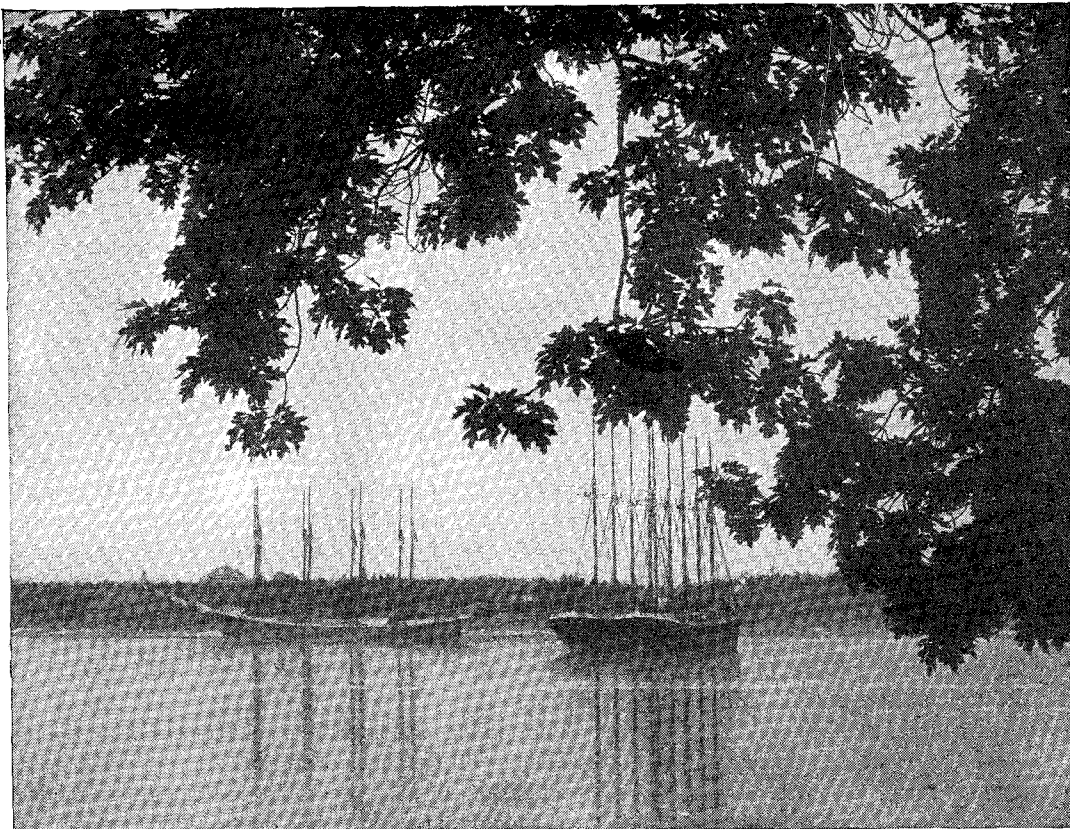
Ewing Galloway

A Maine Lake

print the news and, editorially, to represent liberalism in a conservative state. Indeed, Maine might be considered almost an ideal field for such an experiment from the laboratory standpoint, because it imposed upon the new newspaper a test more rigorous than most other communities would offer.

Let us consider, briefly, Maine's status on October 1, 1927, just before the *Portland Evening News* set out upon its precarious experiment. The state was overwhelmingly Republican, of course, and conservatively Republican. It was almost as overwhelmingly dry, and had been since 1846, when its first prohibition law was adopted. Since about 1920 it had had no Democratic newspaper. More important than the direct political lineup was the fact that companies controlled by Samuel Insull, and directed by Walter S. Wyman, his representative in Maine, owned all but one of the important electric utility distributing companies in Maine, and virtually all of the undeveloped power sites; that banks controlled by Wyman and Guy P. Gannett, his friend and business associate, represented fully half the financial interests of the state; and that newspapers owned by Gannett and always friendly to Wyman and Insull projects virtually blanketed the western part of the state, and had more than half of the total daily newspaper circulation of the state. In other words, Insull, Wyman and Gannett, the triplets of Maine monopoly, had a strong start toward obtaining a strangle-hold on the power, the finances and the journalism of the state, and, unless forcibly halted, were due within a few more years to obtain complete control of politics, of living conditions, of business and of everything else but the scenery—and most of that, since it has been commercialized in recent years at a pace that astounds no one so much as the conservative natives of Maine.

In Portland, the metropolis of the state, there were one evening, one morning and one Sunday newspaper—all owned by Gannett. In Augusta, the capital, there was one daily, the *Kenne-*



Ewing Galloway

Four-masted schooners in Boothbay Harbor

bec Journal, weakening in its independent course and soon to be sold to Gannett. In Waterville, 20 miles east of Augusta, the *Sentinel*, a paper relatively young but in its early years a consistent supporter of minorities, had been in the hands of Gannett for nearly a decade. In Lewiston, the technically independent *Journal* and *Sun* followed for the most part the editorial paths convenient to Wyman and Insull. Those were all the dailies in the western part of the state. Only far to the East, in Bangor, were there dailies that savored of independence, and they were not too much inclined to oppose the increasingly powerful Insull allies.

Into this field came the *Portland Evening News* on October 3, 1927. It announced itself as an independent newspaper which intended to print all the news. Its editor was Dr. Gruening, a stranger to Maine, which does not like strangers. Its financial backing at first was obscure. It seemed to face every possible handicap. It was frankly opposed to the Insull-Wyman-Gannett interests from the start, and those interests controlled, directly or indirectly, more than half the substantial business houses of the area. It was edited by a man noted for his friendship for President Calles of Mexico, and his sympathy for the

Calles anti-religious program, in a community with a strong French-Catholic population; yet it offered no bid for the powerful Ku Klux Klan element. It was Republican, but out of sympathy with the Republican machine then in almost complete control of state politics.

Time after time in Maine's once tempestuous political history "temporary newspapers" had been established to represent a minority viewpoint during a political campaign. The *News* was greeted, inevitably, especially since its financing was obscure, with reports, carefully fostered by the established press, that it was such a paper. Nevertheless, it quickly found a real place in the community. There was in the first place a substantial minority of citizens disgusted at the obviously superficial and one-sided reports of local affairs in the Gannett papers. There was the powerful Brewster element in Republican politics, opposed to the machine which, although Brewster was governor, really controlled the Republican organization. There were the few liberals, anxious for an uncontrolled organ. There were, in curious contrast, the hidebound reactionaries who distrusted Insull as an outsider, and preferred the outsiders of the *News* to the outsiders from Chicago—though

Wyman and Gannett were native down Easters. Among these groups, the *News* found its following—small at first but gradually increasing.

That the *News* lived up to its proposal to print fully both sides of all important questions, its best friends would hardly maintain. That is a difficult project for any newspaper under any conditions; it is especially difficult when the opposition papers are hopelessly one-sided. But it was fair, compared to the opposition. It gave the Democratic minority representation for the first time in years and it presented adequate reports of the activities of the reactionary wing of the Republican party which it opposed. It gave many Maine citizens their first direct information of liberal movements elsewhere in the country. It awakened them to the growing influence of the power interests throughout the nation, and particularly, of course, in Maine.

Editorially, it was obviously entirely independent from the start. Dr. Gruening was the sole judge of editorial policy; that was conceded even by those opponents who circulated the most interesting stories of the forces behind the paper. Its advertising policy was less enlightened, but it was quite as good as that of most New England papers, and better than most in Maine. If it devoted excessive space to "readers" for advertisers, it was doing no more than following in the footsteps of the Boston papers.

It was a hard fight, despite the loyal support from the beginning of a small body of devoted followers. Startling methods were pursued by the Gannett allies to hold down its advertising. Many of the leading merchants of Portland were directors—with no actual vote in operations—of the Insull power companies, and they saw to it that their firms—department stores especially—

did not advertise in the new medium. The *News* charged that several small merchants were notified by the Gannett-Wyman banks that their notes would be called if they did not confine their advertising to Gannett newspapers. The charge never was denied. The utilities themselves, of course, concentrated their heavy advertising appropriations in other newspapers to an extent that at times amounted almost to subsidy.

But at the end of the first year, the *News* had 9,500 paid circulation and had printed 2,500,000 lines of advertising. After six months more it had some 13,000 circulation; at the end of the second year the figure was more than 16,000 and the advertising for the twelve months was 4,000,000 lines despite an increase in rates. Today the *News* has more than 18,000 paid circulation, and it is increasing month by month.

The paper has issued no statement indicating its financial condition, but an examination of its columns indicates that, though it probably has not reached the point of actual profit making, it is coming close to breaking even on current expenses. That is no slight achievement in the third year of operation for a newspaper these days under the best of conditions. It should be making money by the end of the third year, according to persons in touch with it. A circulation of 20,000 in a community the size of Portland should mean prosperity.

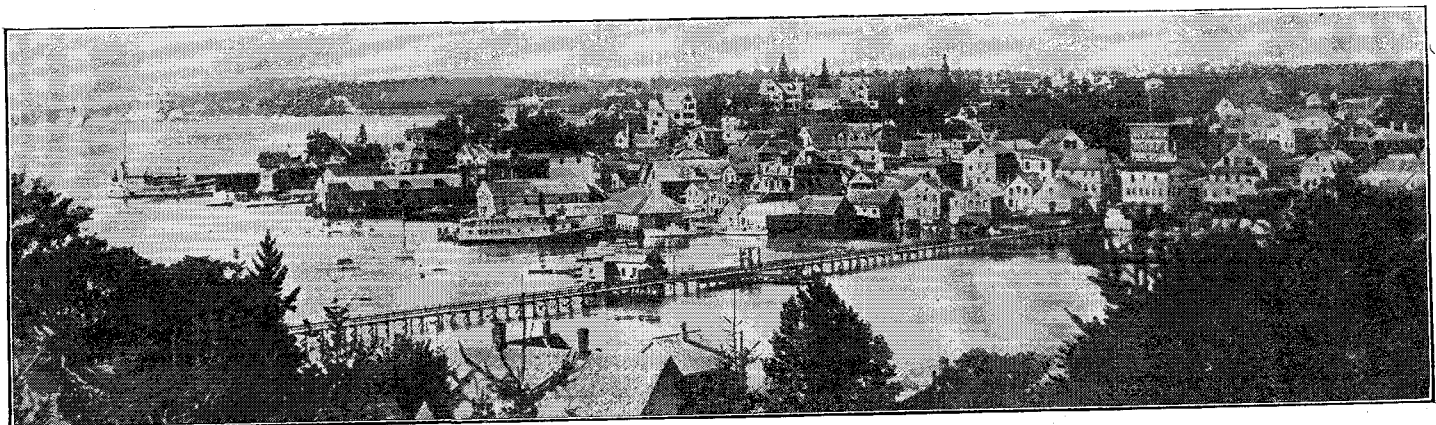
From the standpoint of editorial influence, the record is even more successful. Starting from scratch, without influence or public support, it has made itself an important factor in public opinion. When the *News* began publication, Ralph O. Brewster was serving his second term as governor. The Republican party, as has been stated, was in the control of a reactionary group.

Brewster, having served two terms as governor, and having proved a considerable vote-getting ability, ran in the spring of 1928 for the Republican senatorial nomination—but he ran against Senator Frederick Hale. Now, Senator Hale may be a nonentity to the rest of the country, but in Maine he is the son of Senator Hale, and that is enough. The voters have been casting votes for a Hale for the Senate for longer than most of them can remember, and in Maine, the voters like tradition. Brewster, supported by the *News*, bitterly opposed by the Gannett newspapers, was snowed under nearly two to one. Meanwhile William Tudor Gardiner, was being elected governor almost without opposition.

After that there was not another campaign until the summer of 1929. Maine has long been fond of referendums. It set out last year upon an orgy of them. Since 1900, the state has had a law prohibiting, except under certain special conditions, the export from the state of hydro-electric power generated inside the state. The Insull companies, not unnaturally, desired to have that law modified to permit them to send power from the fast-running rivers of Maine to the industrial districts of Massachusetts. Once the legislature passed a law permitting export, but Brewster, as governor, vetoed it. Under Gardiner another attempt was made to pass it; but the opposition was too strong and the Insulls had to be content with a measure putting the question before the people in a referendum.

The campaign on the power issue was one of the most bitter in Maine history. Insull threw half a million dollars into the pot, through his Maine companies. Wyman himself managed the campaign for power export, and spoke in favor of it in all parts of the state. The Gan-

(Please Turn to Page 636)



Ewing Galloway

Boothbay Harbor, Maine

Land of the Sourdough

By ROY ANDERSON

The author disclaims any idea of putting Alaska into a neat classification. It is too vast and too varied. Nevertheless his cross section of Ketchikan discloses a fairly typical American community, even to the status of prohibition enforcement. Mr. Anderson is a newspaper man, and a native of Alaska

LIFE IN ALASKA is interesting, colorful and unique. And that is true whether one lives in Barrow, where as these lines are written the sun has just peeked over the horizon after leaving the community in total darkness for many weeks, or in Ketchikan, where residents have been enjoying midwinter sunlight from eight o'clock every morning until five o'clock every night.

Perhaps the Alaskan feels somewhat exalted because he lives in the last of America's great frontiers. He is a pioneer, though in a distinctly modern sense. He does not wear a pair of six-guns strapped to his hips. He does not glare open defiance at a newcomer, nor loosen livid streams of tobacco juice at the trading post stove. Neither does he hobnob generally with fur-clad Eskimos nor drive to work on a dog-drawn sled. Rather, he is among those very few who take pride in having paved the way for eventual rational exploitation of the vast natural resources which Alaska boasts, and in this task has found it possible to live much as do his fellow-Americans in the States.

It is difficult, of course, to say anything about Alaska or her people that is common to all sections. The Territory is too big. Consider, if you will, that the distance from its northern to its southern limits is equal to the distance from the Canadian to the Mexican borders, or that the islands at its eastern and western extremities are separated by a distance equal to that from the coast of Georgia to the coast of California. Obviously, over such a wide area the observer will find a diversity of tastes and habits, a commingling of industries and occupations as varied as the climate.

Nevertheless it is possible to take a cross section. Let it in this instance be Ketchikan, the first port of entry and the largest community in Alaska. Its permanent population is little more than 6,000 persons, and at the height of the summer season there probably are scarcely 10,000 making their headquarters in Ketchikan. Physically, the First City—as it is called—embodies a touch of the unique, a dash even of the magnificent. It is nestled at the feet of huge timber-clad moun-

tains, and these have the tendency to dwarf Alaska's largest city almost to insignificance. But, as in the strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Ketchikan has another aspect to offer. Within, deep down in her soul, she is a different girl altogether—she is, we find, just like any other of her sex: fickle, wanton, at times grossly silly. Yet we who know her best are unable to conceal our love for her.

Behind the scenes we find a group of persons who scoff at red flannels and shudder when the mercury drops below the freezing point. We find ardent disciples of the emancipation of women, or of Democratic virtues, or of free love. We find Main Street bridge clubs, gossip, paved streets, rain, electric heating, lighting and cooking, talking pictures, beautiful homes, flower gardens, waterfalls, automobiles, fish canneries, more rain, trout fishermen, hunters, boatmen, flappers, chain stores, radios, a Rotary Club, a community orchestra, bowling alleys, speakeasies, a ball park, hills, schools, a daily and Sunday newspaper, hundreds of powerboats, bathing beaches, jazz orchestras, airplanes, still more rain, petty politics, stock speculators, and prohibition officers.

We find few permanent residents who bring home to the family treasury less than \$150 a month, and few who could add to their wealth as much as \$1,500 in a like period. There are many Alaskans who have officially retired from active duty—but almost invariably these men have earned their retirement with years of hard work. We find, whether or not it was expected, a gathering of persons who are distinctly human, distinctly resembling in speech and appearance those Americans we find in the States. We discover, too, Indians on the coast and Eskimos farther north whose combined forces nearly equal the number of whites residing in the Territory.

These Indians live much as do the

Indians in the States. They have their schools (generally Government operated), their work, their churches, their missionaries, their villages, their elections, their troubles. They believe in simple things, as a general rule, and many of them pride themselves in being

a joy-loving people who sometimes resent the interference—the dominance—of the white man.

Fourth of July celebrations offer instances of their simplicity. It is interesting to observe the Alaska Indian when he comes to town for the celebration. I recall that as a youngster in Ketchikan I marveled at the natives who had found a new joy in taxi-cabs. Many would allot hard-earned savings to taxi drivers, all for the sake of riding up and down Ketchikan's few miles of road, repeating the trip until the designated amount had been dissipated.

In Alaska, as elsewhere under the American flag, it was against the law years ago to sell liquor to the Indians. It was a grave offense, but it was committed now and again. Further, it still occurs, and I suppose that it's still against the law. However, the self-appointed leagues for moral uplift are less alarmed at that now than at the fact that occasionally—perhaps too frequently—white men find bootleggers willing to part with alleged genuine pre-war at ten dollars a quart. For selling to white men is also against the law. As a matter of fact, Alaska's prohibition operates under a bone-dry act, whatever that is. The discussion leads to an important factor in considering life in Alaska. As in the States, prohibition is a much-controverted subject. Undeniably, liquor is generally available in Alaska to those who want it—if they have the price.

Residents of Ketchikan were irate not long ago when Mr. Hearst's *American Weekly* came out with a glaring story that described Alaska's largest city as being the most wicked under the American flag. That, indeed, was a gross exaggeration. On the other hand, the mere fact that I call Ketchikan my home does not indicate that I'd vote to place a halo of virtue about the city. If lily white is a symbol of purity, then Ketchikan's color closely resembles dark brown. It is a prev-

alent condition that coastal cities enjoying the patronage of seafaring men are worse, morally, than other cities. If that is true, then Ketchikan perhaps is on a par with other ports of its size and in that respect would clearly take the edge on wickedness from other Alaskan communities.

The daily press of the Territory contains frequent articles about prohibition officers who have made their figurative killings. In spite of the proximity to the Canadian border, moonshine stills are the favorite fruit of dry raids. Sometimes it has been found necessary in southeastern Alaska to send a Coast Guard cutter to some isolated island for full cargoes of barrels, mash, malt and the surprisingly simple distilling apparatus of modern unlicensed breweries.

Frequently the complaint is heard that the most difficult thing about prohibition in Alaska is to find a jury willing to convict a bootlegger. Perhaps that is an exaggeration; nevertheless, its implications are (1) that there must be a market for the distilled product and (2) that living in bone-dry Alaska does not necessarily engender in the old-timer any great sympathy for prohibition.

Others will tell you that the failure rigidly to enforce the dry laws in this great Territory is the fault of the officers. Plainly, it would be foolish to argue that those entrusted with prohibition enforcement in Alaska are less susceptible to bribery or connivance than prohibition enforcement officers anywhere in the States. Still, it would be difficult to line up these officers and say definitely that this man or that man had deliberately violated his oath. On the other hand, it might be possible occasionally to point to an officer and say he was zealous. It seems certain to me that the zealous officer who sought strenuously to cut off all supplies of Alaskan liquor would be decidedly unpopular.

In the first judicial division, which embraces all of southeastern Alaska, during 1929 a total of 794 arrests were

made by the United States marshal and his deputies. It is significant in any discussion of prohibition to notice that considerably more than half of these arrests, 461 to be exact, were for alleged violations of the prohibition law. That item and others on the list, which included thirty for adultery, twenty-six for larceny, twenty-five for violation of the game law and one for wife desertion, demonstrate more conclusively than mere argument that many of Alaska's problems are not peculiar to that geographical section.

It is a common observation of visitors

prohibition or general law enforcement. He is concerned more vitally with making a living, and because of that his topics of conversation will swing more emphatically to fishing, or to gold mining, or to lumbering, or to fur farming.

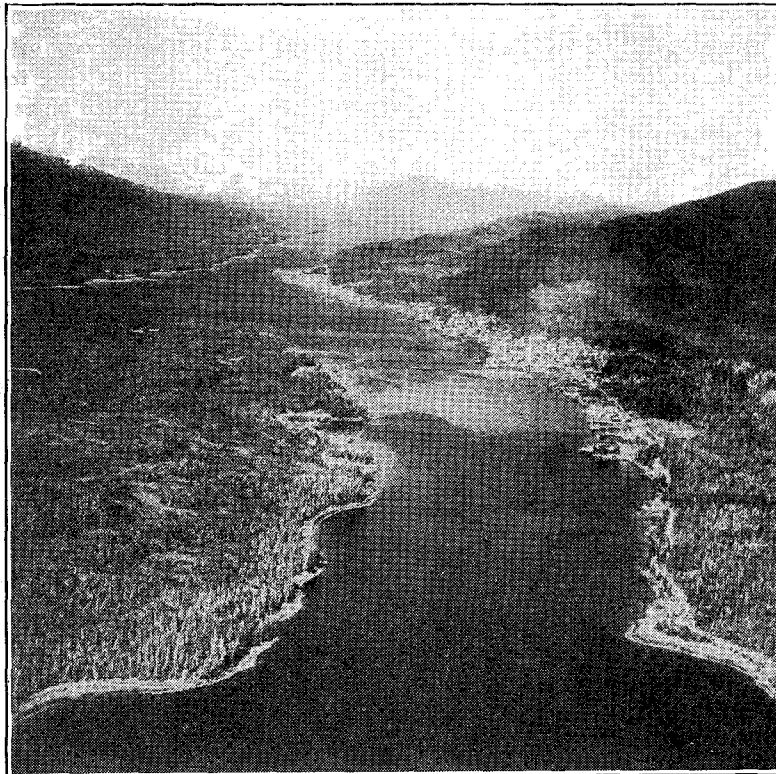
Fishing is by far the most important and absorbing of these industries. Not that the Alaskan places fish so prominently on his own daily menu, but that he worries of ways and means to make fish a regular part of the menu in every other man's home the world over. Attest of his success in this respect is obtainable from the export records

which show fish far in the lead. The item, it is true, seems far less glamorous than the gold which first focused universal attention to the far north, but as the years pass the export of all minerals from Alaska is becoming less and less important in relation to other products. The total value of Alaska's fishery products in 1928 was nearly \$55,000,000. Of this amount, nearly \$46,500,000 was in canned salmon which is marketed all over the world.

Further proof of success in peddling fish—if I might be prosaic—is seen in the very evident fact that already the demand exceeds the supply. It became necessary a few years ago for the Government to adopt

drastic measures to prevent the imminent depletion of the Alaska salmon supply. When these regulations first went into effect there was much complaint, and there still is. The independent trap owners shout to the high heavens their contention that the cannery interests are being favored, and the cannery interests protest equally as loudly that the Government is stamping them out in favor of the independents. Yet to all appearances the man who bears the brunt of all the complaints sits at his desk in Washington doing just what he thinks is right. That man is Henry O'Malley, commissioner of fisheries.

Because of the peculiarity of the industry, the law vests in Mr. O'Malley considerable power. Through the Sec-



AERIAL VIEW OF KETCHIKAN
First port of entry and largest community in Alaska

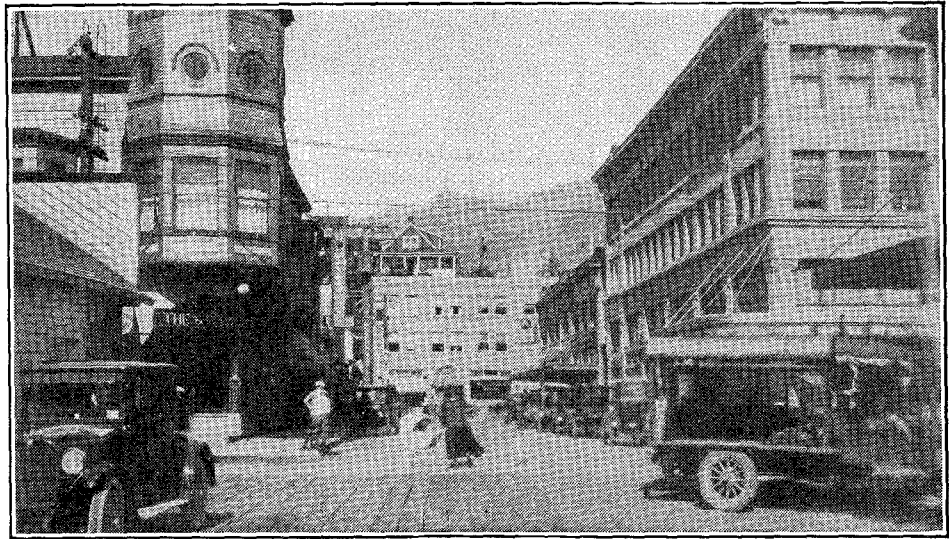
to the Territory that Alaskans are trusting. That isn't to say they are particularly more gullible than Americans generally in the matter of buying worthless mining and oil stocks, but rather in their reception of a stranger. The theory, if it is after all a tangible theory, is that a man will be trusted until there's reason not to trust him. The practice, if legend can be believed, has been the rule in almost all frontier settlements the world over. Robberies in Alaska are the exception, and when they occur their minor character stirs hardly a ripple. Getaways, of course, would be difficult and, in the last analysis, that deterrent may be as effective as any other.

But the average Alaskan does not worry a great deal either about pro-

retary of Commerce he promulgates regulations opening or restricting areas or setting limits to various types of gear as the short salmon season progresses each year. The intention, briefly, is to allow at least half of the salmon to escape the traps and other gear and thereby get into the streams of fresh water to spawn. If the escapement is insufficient in a certain area, man-made traps must go. Sometimes this spells disaster, but it is believed necessary.

On the whole, it appears that fishing interests in Alaska are satisfied that the system is working out satisfactorily. When not pinched by the threat of bankruptcy, the cannery man or the trap man can agree that perpetuity of the industry must be assured. There is, though, an urgent cry on one hand for legislation that would vest the control of fisheries in Alaskan voters. The element that calls for this also calls for "home rule," and some even talk of statehood. May Congress and Herbert Hoover forbid! Left at the caprice of a handful of voters, most of them more liable to be concerned with present needs than future, Alaska's fisheries and other natural resources would be in a sorry state.

Always, there has been in Alaska an intense interest in mining. Most Alaskans recognize that the mountain ranges carry a hidden wealth that some day will enrich many pockets. Much of the likely area has not been prospected, and in other regions the condition of the outcroppings merely does not warrant intensive development under existing economic conditions. Still, mining is a distinct item in present-day Alaskan industry. In 1928 the value of mineral products exported was



Ketchikan has its Main Street

slightly more than \$14,000,000, as compared with a high water mark of more than \$48,000,000 established in 1916.

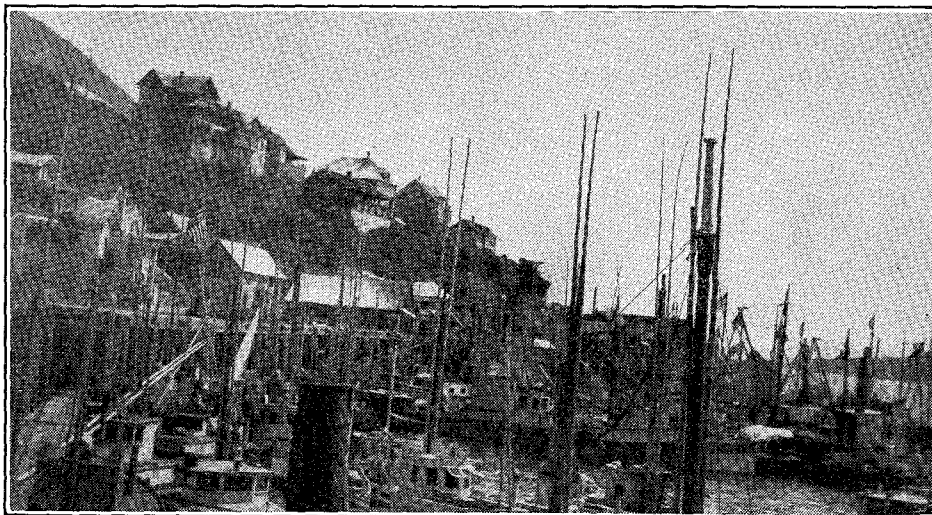
It is to the forests, however, that Alaskans look for the next immediate development. Along the southeastern Alaska coast, which includes Juneau and Ketchikan, there are millions of feet of merchantable timber. Enough, cruisers assure, to supply a quarter of the American newsprint supply in perpetuity at the present rate of consumption. This is significant in view of the fact that today almost all publishers depend on Canadian mills for their newsprint. Already two concerns are making intensive surveys on preliminary contracts from the United States forest service and the Federal power commission which control, respectively, the timber and the water power. Indications are that at least one mill of 200-ton daily capacity will be constructed in southeastern Alaska before another two years have passed.

So, industrially, Alaskans have much to talk about and look forward to.

Unquestionably, Alaska is cosmopolitan. Very little of the white stock is native born. Many, lured by the fascination of adventure or gold, have come from the coast states. Others have come from the east, from Canada, and thousands of Alaska's permanent white residents are foreign born. With rare exceptions, Alaska's homemakers plan periodic trips "outside." Cannerymen, fishermen, miners, oftentimes winter in the States. Still others save their money for coveted journeys through the Panama canal, to New York, to Hawaii, or to the old home town. It is a simple matter in Alaska for one who yearns for travel to learn a little of almost every place on the globe simply by scouring his immediate neighbors.

It isn't a fact, though, that the northerner does not believe in seeing Alaska first. He does. Emphatically so. As a rule, he is able to say he has traveled a great deal of his homeland's length and breadth. He knows the fascination of high mountains, immense glaciers, timber-clad hills, trout-filled lakes and streams. He knows the beauty of a virgin country that has yet to learn the curse of refuse from community picnics or the evil of screaming billboards. He knows the thrill of duck hunting in rain swept lowlands, of deer stalking through heavy timber. He likes the isolation that can be so easily effected anywhere in the Territory. What at times may seem narrow-mindedness on his part is rather a jealous regard for the sanctity of his country. And when he consciously

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Ketchikan, nestled at the foot of timber-clad mountains

▶▶ The Trend of Events ◀◀

▶▶Morals for Movies

WHAT with sound films making "Damns," clinking glasses, and machine-gun fire so obstreperously audible, Will H. Hays decided it was time to declare the motion picture industry moral again. He has promulgated a new code, pledging the talkies to uphold religion, history, good taste, the sanctity of marriage and of the Flag; to refrain from pointed profanity, obscenity, nudity, intimations of sex perversion and justification of adultery; to step lightly in presenting scenes of crime, brutality, vice, liquor-drinking, and passion. With a few unctuous phrases, he has glorified Will H. Hays and American wholesomeness, cleansed the silver screen, twitched away those thorns in his flesh, the church leaders, and reassured—whom? Well, judging from a telegram from Menlo Park, he appears to have reassured Thomas A. Edison.

The new code of film ethics, in our opinion, means exactly nothing. One of our reasons for believing this is the similar, but more strict, movie code adopted in October, 1927. The 1927 code contained thirty-six thou-shalt-nots and was gravely signed by fifty-three producers and distributors. This code, like the new one, forbade pointed profanity, suggestive nudity, and inferences of perversion; it enjoined caution in presenting brutality, rape or attempted rape (that movie standby) and excessive or lustful kissing. According to his temperament, any movie-goer will grow either indignant or weak with laughter to realize how effectively the 1927 code has restrained its signatories. According to his temperament, he will grow either indignant or weak with laughter at the notion that the 1930 code will be any more literally observed.

The motion picture industry, as it now stands, is dedicated to the proposition that America is the most sex-conscious nation in the world. You question it? Examine a bouquet of successful movie titles snatched at random from the electric lights of Main Streets from Portland to Portland: *Single Standard*, *Street Girl*, *Half Marriage*, *Fast Life*, *His Captive Woman*, *Dangerous Woman*, *Hot Stuff*, *Lady of the Pavements*, *Redeeming*

Sin. You think these suggestive titles accidental, perhaps? Consider those given to screen versions of well known books and plays. In the movies, *Anna Karenina* became *Love*; *The Constant Wife* became *Charming Sinners*; *Barrie's Half an Hour* became *The Doctor's Secret*; *Kempy* became *Wise Girls*; Conrad's *Victory* became, first, *Flesh of Eve*, and, later, *Dangerous Paradise*; *Olympia* became *His Glorious Night*.

The hope for the talkies lies, not in moral codes, but in the possibility that eventually they may be made cheaply

ernment through active participation.

In brief, they advocate the "Haitianization" of Haiti. They recommend the gradual withdrawal of the Marines when, as and if the political situation warrants. They favor abandoning the office of High Commissioner, now held by General Russell, and the appointment of a Minister to perform his duties, that the occupation may have more of a civil, and less of a military, flavor. They urge the United States to recognize the President of Haiti who will be elected by the Legislature, which in turn will be chosen by a more or less general election this fall. They ask this country to limit its interference in Haitian affairs to those matters specified by treaty. They suggest that the Haitian government employ one American adviser in each administrative department, but that Haitians be trained in departmental work to the end that they may soon assume full responsibility. More self-government for Haiti, they say in effect, so that Haiti may soon be ready for still more.

The Haitian-American treaty will expire in 1936. Yet, though the character of the occupation may change considerably, we shall probably not be out of Haiti in a mere six years. The commission is willing to cross that bridge when it comes to it. "It is too early to suggest in what form the American occupation should be liquidated . . . or in what form such further aid and assistance . . . should be provided." The United States is certain to keep its eye on Haiti for some time, since, says the commission, "until the basis of the political structure is broadened by education—a matter of years—the government must necessarily be more or less unstable and in constant danger of political upheavals."

Taken as a whole, the report is both liberal and realistic. The commissioners have cracked a hard nut with a good deal of sense and skill.

▶▶Pussyfoot Corner

ASKED TO ANNOUNCE whether he was a wet or a dry, Francis Shunk Brown, candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor of Pennsylvania, walked the fence as follows:

"In response to many inquiries as to my position in the enforcement of the



Keystone

MOSES OF THE MOVIES

Will Hays sponsors new commandments for guidance of Hollywood

enough to show profit without resorting to sleazy suggestiveness, ballyhoo, and moral-code hypocrisy.

▶▶"Haitianization"

THE RECOMMENDATIONS of the commission which has been investigating conditions in Haiti closely parallel those advanced by H. P. Davis in his article, "Haiti After 1936," in the March 19 issue of the Outlook. Accepted by President Hoover, they will soon be put into force. The commissioners frankly recognize that in fifteen years our Marines have not succeeded in getting the natives through the first grade in the school of politics. They therefore recommend that, despite a possible loss in efficiency, the Haitians be allowed to learn a few lessons in gov-

law relating to prohibition, I make the following statement in advance of the publication of my platform:

"Laws represent the will of the people. As such they are entitled to respect, and it is the duty of the Executive to enforce them in every proper way. I appreciate that such enforcement is difficult unless the laws continue to have the moral support of the people. Hence, in respect to prohibition, or any law the enforcement of which is subject to general serious controversy, it is well that the will of the people be definitely ascertained.

"To this end I favor a referendum to ascertain the sentiment of the people, whether they wish the Snyder act [state prohibition enforcement act] and other similar laws of Pennsylvania to be repealed. When such referendum is taken, I will make every effort as Governor to carry into effect the will of the people as thus expressed."

►► Cheap Tactics

ORDINARILY WE ARE LOATH to criticize the conduct of a senatorial investigating committee, in this case the Senate lobby investigating committee. Too often it happens in these investigations that public sentiment, directed by partisan editors and spokesmen, turns less against the exposed than the expositors. Hence Senators who have faithfully revealed rascality find themselves set down as rascals for doing so. Again, the Senate's ability to conduct investigations is among its most valuable powers; a senatorial inquiry is commonly a sure-fire way of bringing out the facts. Finally, Senators trusted to perform their other duties should certainly be trusted to perform their duty as investigators.

In its long and useful inquiry, the Senate lobby committee has seriously abused its power only twice—once when it heckled Fred I. Kent, New York banker, for making a statement that had no conceivable relation to lobbying; the second time when one of its members turned a political trick against John J. Raskob, chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

At long last the Senate committee has reached the point of investigating the activities of both dry and wet lobbies. It was therefore well enough for it to summon Mr. Raskob, who is a director of the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. But Mr. Raskob was not called primarily because

he was a director of this association. He was called primarily because he is Chairman of the Democratic National Committee; because Senator Robinson, a Republican, wished to retaliate for the havoc this committee wrought against Claudius Huston, chairman of the Republican National Committee.

We are not innocent enough to believe that politics never before figured, to some extent, in a senatorial investigation. But politics in this case went mad. It is all too obvious that Senator Robinson had little interest in lobbying; all too obvious that his object was to stir up hostility among Demo-



Underwood

GRILLED

John J. Raskob testifies before Senate Lobby Committee

cratic dries against the Chairman of their National Committee, who is a wet. His was a snide, ward-heeler performance which Republicans and Democrats alike should unite in condemning.

►► Stabilizing Employment

THE SENATE COMMERCE COMMITTEE at last has approved two of Senator Wagner's bills to relieve unemployment. While action by Congress on these measures, if it comes at all, will of course come too late to ameliorate the conditions which have prevailed throughout the winter, the bills promise to help in preventing such conditions from developing again.

One of the Wagner bills provides

for the collection of more inclusive, and hence more illuminating, unemployment statistics. For the most part, discussions of this subject have been futile, since no one, not even Government officials, has been in possession of all the facts. Obviously the assembling of accurate, reliable data must be the first step if industrial idleness is to be even partly overcome. An Administration pledged to fact-finding should heartily endorse Senator Wagner's proposal to do away with guesswork.

The second Wagner bill likewise follows Administration policy by authorizing a program to maintain employment in slack times by the construction of public works. This measure would establish a stabilization board, consisting of the Secretaries of Labor, Commerce and the Treasury, to keep the President informed of employment fluctuations. Should industry show signs of slowing down, the President would ask Congress for emergency appropriations for the construction of already-planned public buildings, waterways and dams. In essentials, this is the Foster-Catchings plan, which already has the President's endorsement. While no preparation had been made for the emergency, the program was carried out after a fashion during the winter. Adoption of the Wagner proposal would keep the Federal Government from being caught napping again.

In his testimony before the Senate committee, President Green of the American Federation of Labor urged action on these two measures, as well as a third, providing for a system of Federal employment exchanges. The Government, he declared, had either to solve the unemployment problem or choose between the alternatives of doles or revolution. While Mr. Green probably uses too black a brush, the situation created by the steady replacement of men by machines, and of middle-aged employees by young ones, as well as by the recurrence of unemployment in more or less regular cycles, is unquestionably disturbing. It is up to the country to discover to what extent this situation is avoidable.

►► Not So

A YEAR AGO, a President returned his latch-key to the nation and passed noiselessly beneath the White House gateway, a simple, unassuming law-

yer again. Calvin Coolidge, America's favorite conversationalist, a chip off the old Granite State, who had taken his oath by lamplight and kept it in overalls, Indian suits, and blue serge, returned home to Northampton. The rocking-chairs waited on the front porch. The rent was still \$32 a month on his half of the two-family frame house.

The country thrilled to know that six years among the gilded pianos, crystal chandeliers and liveried servants of the Executive Mansion had not spoiled the Coolidges for the homely pleasures of locking up at night, setting out the milk bottles and putting the ice-card in the window. True, they had a car; but it was a used car. They had dogs, but the dogs were gifts. Even the gold flashlight—the nearest Coolidge approach to out-and-out splendor—was the reward of the ex-President's honest labor on the distribution of the Rosenwald estate. The man who had received the highest gift within the power of the American people to bestow had returned to the people—the greatest democrat in the Republican party.

Now there are base rumors afoot. It is said, in all seriousness, that the Coolidges have paid \$45,000 for an estate consisting of a 16-room English house and nine acres of land. That the house contains an elevator, billiard room, four baths, stone fireplaces, imported wall-paper, a library for five thousand books, and a telephone on every floor. That on the grounds are tennis courts, flower and vegetable gardens, a trout brook, and winding paths,

dotted with bird baths and leading to a private swimming pool flanked by a tea house. That at least two maids, a gardener, and a chauffeur will be required to run the establishment.

Well, it simply isn't so, and we, for one, flatly deny it. No matter what the newspapers say, it isn't so. A chip off the old Granite State spending \$45,000 (interest \$2,250 at five per cent) for a rose garden and half a dozen bird baths? The greatest democrat in the Republican party riding in a house elevator, lolling in a private swimming pool, frittering away his time in a billiard room, running fireplaces and a furnace with wood the price it is, being waited on hand and foot by two maids, a gardener, and a chauffeur? It isn't reasonable. It isn't Coolidge. And it isn't true.

►►Protectionists All

IF SENATOR WATSON hoped to embarrass his Democratic colleagues by showing how many times they voted for increases and against decreases in the tariff rates, he may have been disappointed. Most of them probably passed off the insinuation of faithlessness to party principle with cheerful grins. All, doubtless, would loudly profess belief in a low tariff—for the other fellow. But few of them are so politically foolish as to plug for low duties on the products of their own sections. When that is the issue, they stand for duties as high as the hills. Indeed, some of the Democrats may

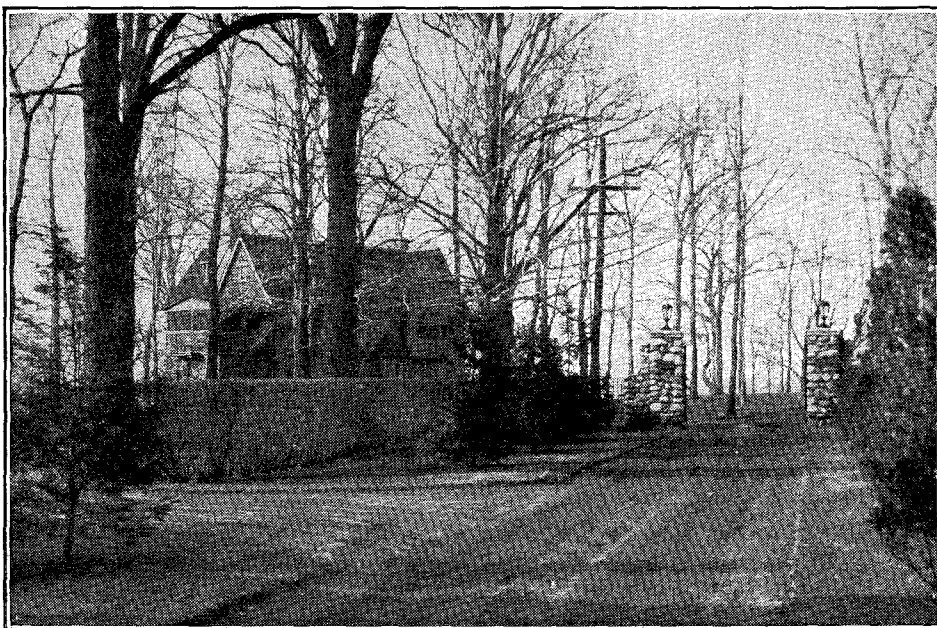
take Senator Watson's statement home with them for use during the impending congressional campaign. How better prove their loyalty to the interests of their states?

The list of protectionist Democrats includes not only the Senators from Louisiana who time out of mind have voted with the Republicans in order to obtain high duties for sugar. It includes not merely the Democratic Senators from industrial states, such as Copeland of New York and Walsh of Massachusetts, who labored as strenuously as any Republican for the protection of manufacturers. It also includes the Southern and Western Democrats, each of whom had at least one or two pet industries for which he was bound to get protection or make awkward explanations later on. Many of the high duties for which the Democrats voted were those on agricultural products, but among the thousand-odd Democratic votes cast for protection were hundreds which concerned industrial products. All were cast not only amiably but eagerly.

In the blurring of party lines on these votes is conclusive evidence that politicians—Republican, Democratic or Progressive—are all protectionists now. Yet at no time, perhaps, has there been greater need for intelligent advocacy of tariff moderation. In France, Ambassador Edge has just completed a tour during which he encountered virtually every day an emphatic popular protest against exorbitant American duties proposed for the products of French labor. The consequence of such protests already appears in the retaliatory tariff which France considers imposing on American automobiles. If our foreign trade is to prosper—and upon it we depend in increasing measure for our industrial profits—America's delight in tariff walls must be kept within bounds.

►►Bay State Book Laws

A LITTLE LESS than a year ago an otherwise normal Massachusetts jury called *An American Tragedy*, by Theodore Dreiser, an obscene book. More accurately stated, it decided that the work fell under the ban of the Massachusetts law prohibiting the sale of books containing obscene language. Just a few days ago the case reached the Massachusetts Supreme Court. By that time its significance as a test case had vanished.



Keystone

"THE BEECHES"

In Northampton; a "modest place with a little land"

As is well known, this notorious Massachusetts statute seemed to apply not only to books which were obscene



Wide World

UP AGAIN

William T. Cosgrave re-elected President of Irish Free State

as a whole, but to those containing obscene passages, and hence, literally interpreted, to many of the classics and even the Bible. The presiding judge in the *American Tragedy* case did not permit the entire book to be read to the jury, and this was the main point at issue when the case reached the Supreme Court. That body was asked, in effect, to rule whether it was possible to ban a book on the basis of a few sentences or even phrases.

Before the court had reached a decision a new book law, displacing the old, had been pushed through the State Legislature and signed by the Governor. Proponents of the old law wished it to stand as written. Opponents soundly, indeed, incontrovertibly, argued that it should be amended to apply only to books obscene as a whole. The Legislature compromised, crossed out the phrase "taken as a whole" and passed a law against books "which are obscene." Whatever that may mean, no one seems to know. If it means books containing obscene passages there was apparently no reason for the Legislature to amend the old law. If it means books obscene as a whole there was apparently no reason for the Legislature to cross out the phrase.

Thus, even before the Supreme Court had interpreted the old law, it was faced with the job of interpreting the new one. Now another test case

must be brought to find out what is prohibited and what isn't. Some day Massachusetts will tire of making itself ridiculous with its clean-book statutes, but obviously that day is not yet.

➤➤ Cosgrave Re-elected

WILLIAM T. COSGRAVE, President of the Irish Free State's Executive Council, and his cabinet resigned when their eight-year-old coalition support slipped and the opposition put through a bill extending the scope of old age pensions. His re-election six days later indicated the Irish are expending less energy on politics. He was re-elected by an 80-65 vote in the Dail Eireann and there will be no general election.

In Chicago, Eamon de Valera, head of the Fianna Fail, Ireland's independence party, heard of Cosgrave's resignation, halted his American lecture tour, and dreamed, perhaps, of the Presidency. But briefly. Unlike Charles Parnell, who rushed back home from America a half century ago to gain control of the Irish group in the British Parliament, De Valera received no call. His name was rejected by a 93-54 vote in the Dail, while Thomas O'Connell, moderate leader of the Laborites, was voted down, 78-13.

The vote for Cosgrave suggests a substantial strengthening of his support as head of Cumann-na-Ghaedheal, or League of the Gael. In the turbulent days of 1927 he was re-elected by a vote of only 76-70. Yet even now he has not advanced from the precariousness of coalition support. Many of his partisans advised the bolder course of permitting De Valera's election and then taking the issue to the country.

Cosgrave ruled otherwise, perhaps feeling that the country was in no mood for a general election. With the \$26,000,000 Shannon river power development in operation, the Ford tractor factories in Cork, and a definite program for more trade and manufacturing, Ireland is making no little industrial progress. There is also under way a many-sided program to increase the efficiency of agriculture. The Free State seems to be doing reasonably well and there is certainly no reason to believe it would do better under De Valera.

➤➤ Wickershamming

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS broadcast the opinion that, before adjourning, Congress may adopt one of the

Wickersham Law Enforcement Commission's recent proposals but that it certainly will not adopt any of the others. The proposal to centralize prohibition enforcement in the Department of Justice, they declare, has a fair chance of being passed. Whether this proposal wins or loses in Congress makes little difference, since at best it is merely a plan to adjust a part of the dry law machinery. That objection, however, can be brought against all the Wickersham recommendations.

The most important of these recommendations seeks to relieve Federal court congestion caused by prohibition cases. The commission suggests that Congress define slight or casual prohibition violations, and that casual violators be given juryless trials before United States Commissioners. Now it is reported that Representative Christopherson, sponsor of bills embodying this recommendation, is himself doubtful of its value. It is even reported that the Wickersham plan is questioned by Attorney General Mitchell and by President Hoover. Representative Christopherson seems half persuaded that the Wickersham proposal is unconstitutional; he suspects that instead of relieving congestion it might aggravate it. It is a safe bet, therefore, that this proposal will go down the chute.

So that, as its chairman admits, the



Keystone

SPOKE FOR PROHIBITION

Professor Irving Fisher, a witness before the House Judiciary Committee

Wickersham Commission will not pass on the wisdom or unwisdom of the 18th Amendment. It probably will not pass

on the wisdom or unwisdom of the Volstead act. It refuses to approach the core of the prohibition question and sticks determinedly to the inconsequential surface. Yet even on surface aspects of prohibition its recommendations are so poor that they cannot command support in a cracker-dry Congress. What a farce this much-heralded far-reaching investigation into fact and causes turned out to be.

Wet-Dry Arguments

SIXTEEN DAYS of prohibition hearings before the House Judiciary Committee, featuring some 750,000 words of testimony, came to an end on April 2. Bright dry stars were out in force that day. Statements were read into the record from Irving Fisher, F. Scott McBride, E. C. Dinwiddie, Deets Pickett and Ernest Cherrington. But brightest, if not driest, of all was Irving Fisher, who solemnly informed the committee that "today only the richer one or two per cent of the people patronize the bootlegger to any great extent."

Professor Fisher's testimony was not all like that. He did admit that "all the evils of prohibition claimed by the wets exist, although not always in the degree claimed." He nevertheless asserted that economists are unanimous that prohibition has contributed toward prosperity. He declared that the consumption of alcoholic liquor is probably not a fifth, if it is a tenth, of what it was before prohibition. That the expenditure on liquor by the poor is now almost negligible. That the liquor laws themselves are easily enforced, though offenses incidental to their violation—bribery, perjury, smuggling, and so on—are not. That the open saloon has practically disappeared, being succeeded, as Professor Fisher did not trouble to add, by the ubiquitous speakeasy.

A day before this testimony was delivered, Senator Tydings of Maryland unwittingly exploded much of it by his speech in the upper house. How many people patronize the bootlegger? The Senator told of an Army-Navy football game a few years ago attended by 80,000 persons. After the game the ground-keeper picked up more than 1,000 glass flasks. There may have been silver flasks at that game also.

The Senator based his speech on carefully prepared tables of facts and figures. He concluded that prohibition is a failure, judged from the standpoint

of drunkenness among adults or adolescents or among motorists or as compared with conditions in England or Canada. That it is a failure from the standpoint of deaths from alcoholism. Also from the standpoint of the consumption of alcoholic beverages. "We are spending more for our liquor today," he said, "than we spent for it in the days before national prohibition." Moreover, "the increase in savings per year was greater before prohibition than it has been since prohibition."



Wide World

"PUDDLER JIM"

James J. Davis of Pennsylvania, out for Republican nomination for Governor

Every dry argument has a wet argument to match it. Yet add up both lists of arguments and the wet total is immensely more formidable than the dry. That is why prohibitionists are squarely, desperately on the defensive.

"Old Joe's" Campaign

IS IT INDEED Senator Grundy, or is it that old moralist, Mrs. Grundy, who is seeking the Republican nomination for Senator in Pennsylvania? "Old Joe" was never like this. He who for years was a henchman of the late Boies Penrose now appears before the astonished

electorate as a foe of political bosses. He who has spoken for Big Business first, last and all the time now makes the Pennsylvania Railroad's influence in the government of the state an outstanding issue in his campaign. He who won his reputation plugging for protective tariffs designed to mulct the consumer now poses as the people's champion. He, the very symbol of political cynicism, now links arms with that idealistic reformer, Gifford Pinchot, who seeks re-election as Governor.

The transformation of Mr. Grundy cannot be wholly credited to a triumph of his better self. Save a little credit for political necessity. Because he would not come to terms with the Vare forces in Philadelphia, he lost their support to Secretary of Labor James J. Davis. "Puddler Jim," Vare's candidate for Senator, is the running-mate of Vare's candidate for Governor, Francis Shunk Brown. Senator Grundy's own candidate for Governor, Samuel E. Lewis, suited neither Governor Fisher nor the Mellons, ordinarily Grundy allies. Lewis then withdrew, keeping a straight face while he explained that he did so for the good of state and nation, whose welfare depended on his contribution to harmonious Republicanism in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Grundy was not so self-sacrificing. The more he was opposed the spunkier he got. Faced by the opposition of Vare's boys in Philadelphia, he out-Gifforded Gifford Pinchot in denouncing their high crimes and misdemeanors. He followed up with a blast against General Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad and Republican National Committeeman, and then sought support of his own. The Manufacturers' Club is for him, heart, soul and purse. So is the Committee of Seventy, an organization out to uplift politics.

Two other pairs of gubernatorial and senatorial candidates—Webster G. Drew; and Joseph Herben, negro, and Thomas W. Phillips and Francis H. Bohlen, outspoken anti-prohibitionists—add to the excitement of a primary campaign which promises to make the sparks fly. As "Old Joe," Mr. Grundy has been on the inside for years, going the rounds, collecting money, learning secrets. It would be sweet to hear him let out and tell what he knows.

Palestine

THE REPORT OF THE British commission headed by Sir Walter Shaw did

not stick innocuously to the mere surface of the Palestine situation. It dug in deeply and courageously. It did not strive to please everybody and anger nobody. As a whole, it pleased the Arabs and angered the Zionists.

There are difficulties in the very nature of the British Palestine policy, as the commissioners frankly admitted. Britain, seeking to make Palestine a national home for the Jews, is at the same time guaranteeing the civil and religious rights of non-Jewish elements of the population, which is preponderantly Arab. The Arabs fear that, as the Jews crowd in, they themselves will be crowded out. Thus, said the report, "the feeling of Arab apprehension caused by Jewish immigration was a factor which contributed to the outbreak" of last August.

The deadly rioting of that period "was from the beginning an attack by Arabs on the Jews." Immediate causes were numerous—the Wailing Wall controversy, inflammatory propaganda on both sides, inadequate police forces, and so on. But the fundamental cause was Arab hostility toward the Jews, and the fundamental cause of that is the Arabs' fear for their economic future as well as their disappointment over the failure of their political and national aspirations. The Arabs are deeply concerned lest, in the words of the report, through "Jewish immigration and land purchase they may be deprived of their livelihood and in time pass under the political domination of the Jews."

All this being so, what is to be done? The commissioners did not suggest that Britain drop its mandate over Palestine or withdraw its support of the Zionist movement. They realized that Britain, having definitely made its bed, must lie in it. But they asked the British government to redefine its policy in Palestine, to emphasize its attitude on the safeguarding of non-Jewish rights, to speak out boldly on the vexed issues of land and immigration. Three days after the report was published, Premier MacDonald met many of its requests in a plain public statement. Britain, he said, is determined "to do equal justice to all sections of the population of Palestine. That is a duty from which it will not shrink and to the discharge of which it will apply all the resources at its command." This statement, he indicated, would soon be amplified. It is plain that the broad lines of Britain's

Palestine policy will not be altered. Hence, unfortunately, the August outbreak may not be the last.

►► The Peking Woman

IT TRANSPIRES that the Peking man was a woman. The announcement comes from Dr. Davidson Black, Canadian scientist attached to the Peking Union Medical College, who has sponsored the recent and famous discovery, near Peking, of a fossil skull perhaps a million years old. Having chiseled away the attached rock, Dr. Black has con-

type at that. Professor Elliot Smith, London University authority on man's evolution, says the Peking man dates from the early part of the Glacial Epoch. It belonged, he declares, to a being more primitive than the Piltdown man, though less so than the very primitive Java ape man. These divergent opinions fire the opening guns in a coming Chinese war among anthropologists.

Among all the famous skulls of ancient types of man there is not a single specimen concerning which all the leading authorities approximate agreement. On nearly all of them, opinions fairly box the compass. Truth is, anthropologists know comparatively little about man's descent and that little they are not sure of. As Dr. Hrdlicka insists, many more fossils in good condition, not fragments, will be needed before these scientists are in a position to be half as dogmatic as they are today on a mere handful of evidence. The Peking woman, who will become a major exhibit, will undoubtedly turn a light on a poorly illuminated subject. If more major exhibits are found at the present average of one every five years, our remote descendants eventually may come to know much about our remote ancestors.



Remarkable Remarks

There is a lot less drinking in the higher circles of society now than there has been.—HENRY FORD.

Public discussion of prohibition is constantly leading people to be total abstainers.—CANON WILLIAM SHEAFE CHASE.

We are going to have a dry world.—REV. DR. CLARENCE TRUE WILSON.

A preacher in this day needs the skin of a hippopotamus, the endurance of a camel, the agility of a greyhound, the heart of a lion and the patience of a donkey.—REV. DR. EDGAR DEWITT JONES.

Our age is more humanist than intelligent.—G. K. CHESTERTON.

The motion picture magnates were wise when they selected Will Hays to keep them on the straight moral path.—ARTHUR BRISBANE.

We have set new standards for the world in certain important relations.—WILL HAYS.

I can never have anything but the tenderest feeling toward Hollywood.—ADOLPHE MENJOU.

Clearly every one has a weakness for something.—RUDY VALLEE.



cluded that *Sinanthropus* (literally "China-man") was female.

Controversies already rage hotly 'round the lady's ancient head. Indeed, controversies have enlivened the discovery of every famous fossil since the first Neanderthal skull. Dr. Black regards the find as representing not only a different species of mankind but—still further separating it from *Homo sapiens*—a different genus. Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, of the National Museum, who has studied a photograph of the partly uncovered cranium, says it belonged to nothing more than a common or garden variety of Neanderthal man, and a high

►► In Brief

PRIZE CEREBRAL SUGAR-PLUM for the month of April: Henry Ford's statement in the *Ladies' Home Journal*: "I have seen a man taking only one or two glasses of wine a day on the advice of his doctor so change mentally as to be useless. Alcohol kills the will power." . . . Dr. Hugo Eckener does not believe that the proposed dirigible mooring mast atop Al Smith's Empire State Building would fulfil its function. This shows how little Dr. Eckener knows about it. The mooring mast fulfilled its function beautifully when newspapers carried stories about it. . . . At any rate, the Pennsylvania campaign will never grow dull as long as the Manufacturers' Club continues to insist that Senator Grundy's "entire career has been guided by an unbending adherence to the fundamental principles of our form of government and by the highest ideals of public service." . . . Bathtub gin, red ink, cut whisky, needled beer, smoke Jakey, and now the paralysis-dealing "sheep-dip cocktail," as Prohibition Commissioner Doran calls it. Truly, as Senator Brookhart so well says, prohibition is

one of the greatest reforms in the history of the human race "From what I learn of college and life in general," writes Florenz Ziegfeld to Yale undergraduates, "it is a continuous combat between work, study and pleasure Are you going to accept

every invitation that comes along or are you going to be selective?" The correct undergraduate answer to the former question, Mr. Ziegfeld, is yes. . . . "Sultans' Harem Opened to Public"—the week's most misleading newspaper headline.

manner with them. He thinks, of course, that his old friends have let him down. He blames the press for exploiting the Dolly Gann episode, for revealing that he is listed on the Department of Interior rolls as an "incompetent Indian," and, so sensitive has he become, for tattling about his intervention on behalf of the two Indian women who were recently accused of murder at Buffalo.

We do not know whether he regrets giving up his Senate seat, but we suspect so. The circumstances under which he got the nomination were hardly propitious for happiness or harmony, inasmuch as he permitted his real views of the head of the ticket to become known during the convention strife. Since then, we hear, there have been several unfortunate incidents which have served to congeal the relationship between the two.

Loving the limelight, Mr. Curtis, we hear, resents the fact that he has been permitted to fall into honorific obscurity. With many others he cannot make out why the Administration has not suggested that he fill the numerous speaking engagements Mr. Hoover is forced to decline. Were he allowed to discharge the traditional vice-presidential duty of advertising the Administration, it would warm his lonely heart and also enable him to prepare for 1932, when, so we hear, he may face powerful opposition for renomination. He would, we are led to believe, be grateful for such a suggestion from the White House.

There may be, as we are informed, something to the story that official Washington did not enjoy the row he raised with regard to his sister's social status, since that controversy embittered many influential people and caused much official embarrassment. If so, Mr. Curtis is paying a heavy penalty for his devotion to Mrs. Gann. Although we believe a popular poll would show public sentiment to be on the Vice-President's side in the social war, it so happens that his supporters among the common people do not run Washington salons or G.O.P. conventions, and their silent sympathy can give but small comfort to the man for whom the Senate rostrum must be a rack.

A. F. C.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE ONCE CONSIDERED the Honorable William Edgar Borah to be the most forlorn figure on Capitol Hill, but Vice-President Curtis, by all accounts, should have that distinction. As with Mr. Borah, however, the responsibility for his isolation from the affairs of men must rest upon Mr. Curtis. His round-table buddies of Senate and House still like to think of him as "Charlie," but they believe they defer to his wishes when they call him "Mister Vice-President," if they call him at all. Indeed, we hear he has forsworn their companionship. We understand he no longer sits in the famous Saturday night poker parties, that he attends the Maryland races with his brother-in-law, Edward Everett Gann, in place of the good old gang, and that he has not been seen for more than a year at Alice Longworth's salon, where he was once so sought out simply because he was "smiling Charlie" even to the butler.

Rarely have we seen high office change a man so soon or so sadly. We recall that there was no better liked person on the Hill in the days when he was Senate leader. His stroll from the Senate office building to the chamber was a triumphal march, even though an easy, homely sort of affair. Even pages and tourist guides greeted him as "Charlie," and he never failed to respond with a wave and a grin. Correspondents, both the illustrious and the inquisitive, buttonholed him every few feet, knowing that he got about a great deal and would retail tidbits of the great and near-great. He was then the best news source in Washington, quite outdoing Mr. Borah, who has a reputation for telling tales out of school. He was just folks, and he exhibited a fine scorn for lingual and sartorial conventionalities. We knew, too, that his careless-

ness of attire and articulation was not simply political pretense. "Charlie" was a real, red-blooded democrat, even though he registered as a Republican, and those who knew his worth did not snicker when he aspired to the presidential nomination. We thought we discerned therein a true American romance.

We fear, however, that we detect tragedy, or at least pathos. Mr. Curtis,



Thomas in Detroit News

The Boys Who Should Have Sat on the Log Last Summer

we suspect, takes himself and his office too, too seriously. We no longer note the old spirit of fine fellowship, and his erstwhile pals have fallen away. They bow when they encounter him in the corridors, and his acknowledgment is a dignified inclination of the head. It is a pity, too, because we imagine both they and he would like to drop formalities to embrace in the profane palship of other days. The correspondents, except for the local boys from Kansas, leave him severely alone, partly because, with characteristic selfishness, they have discovered that he can furnish no headlines, and partly because an unwonted irritability marks his

Birth-Control

An Editorial by A. G. Keller

CONTRACEPTION as a scientific process, with tested means, and attended by programs of dissemination, is a new thing in the world. There are not lacking scare-mongers who are convinced that it will affect sex-life abruptly, and disastrously; and that, with the increasing economic independence of woman, it will cause marked changes in marriage and the family—alterations unmatched, perhaps, since that salient, early shift from the female to the male line of descent. If one is going to indulge in forecasting, he needs a long evolutionary perspective. Here is a good place to avoid the snap-judgment, the intuition, and the revelation.

Self-maintenance and self-perpetuation are the two primordial functions of plants, animals, human beings, and societies. Of these the former is naturally the basic activity. Man does not live by bread alone; but he does not exist long without it. The fundamental relation in the evolution of society is that of mouths to food, which can readily be stated as that of people to land. The struggle for existence is regularly severe where competing numbers press upon land, and lighter where they do not. For long ages, in the event of discomfort due to pressure, men had but two alternatives of relief before them: to escape death, they must either run away or must operate on land to increase the maintenance-supplies. All the arts of life, from hunting to the most modern form of industry, represent adjustments to that end. Out of them, eventually, evolved science, which is man's masterpiece as an instrumentality for adjustment.

There is another way to manipulate the man-land ratio when pressure drives, and that is to limit numbers. This is Nature's way; but men have never taken to it naturally or very kindly. They have actually reduced their numbers by fighting over property, women, alleged damage by magic, and so on; but what they did was irrelevant to any population-policy. They slew twins, or monstrosities, or infants that were too light or too dark in color, whose noses were too high or too flat, whose teeth came in unconventionally; they put the aged to death, often at the victims' request. Herein their motives were generally religious; and this was the case also where women had fewer children than they were capable of bearing because of taboos covering marital relations prior to and after childbirth.

In brief, while the race was, for long ages, making a direct positive assault upon the land, it refrained, except on grounds irrelevant to the sense of the matter, from practising the negative device of restriction of numbers. Meanwhile, the institutions of marriage and the family were developing in consonance with the maintenance-organization. In a general way, people wanted all the children they could get—the more so as the infant deathrate was usually high. Eventually this frame of mind came to be reflected in religion, and the ancestral gods were represented as strong for increase and multiplication. The suggestions of theorists concerning limitation have not received much sacerdotal applause, even where the priesthood has itself sought purity in celibacy.

As a substitute for war, famine, and pestilence, Professor Keller of the Department of Sociology in Yale University finds little to worry about in birth-control—the modern alternative to these time-dishonored means of limiting population. The distinguished co-author of "The Science of Society" has been a regular and popular contributor to this weekly editorial page

It is evident enough that the modern practice of contraception runs counter to lines long laid down in the evolution of society. As a matter of fact, however, birth-control is not a brand-new thing, though contraceptive clinics, propaganda, raids, and horrified wailings are pretty recent. One is inclined to guffaw over the explanation of the falling birth-rate in civilized countries on the basis of declining fecundity or of a recrudescence of "old fashioned continence," whatever that may be. Have the most civilized nations, the most cultured classes in those nations, the most cultured families in those classes, been developing biological decadence or supreme self-restraint? Mussolini seems not to think so. Religious fulminations do not argue for that view. What has happened in the most developed countries is a rise in the standard of living, with a consequent preference for quality over quantity in offspring. No precepts, even ghostly, can stand against that trend. The contraception of the present is simply the enlistment of science in the service of a higher standard of living, together with an insistence upon the socialization of the ensuing adjustment, as against alleged obscurantism, religious or ethical.

Practically, it is futile to debate the propriety of diffusion of knowledge along this line, for dissemination, on whatever grounds one may regret it, is going to occur. Perhaps we may roughly cover the case (which, in its details, like all such social questions, is immensely complicated) by noting the probabilities as to what may happen outside the matrimonial relation, and then inside it. It is feared that the removal of the threat of pregnancy will lead to laxness in extra-marital relations. It may; but, if that is so, there will at least be fewer illegitimate children, which is something. There is a lot of chatter nowadays about repressions, inhibitions, (apparently always disastrous), fancy sublimations, perils of *dementia precox*, and so on; but, as suggested in a previous editorial, this is not so cosmic or durable a phase as some excitable or notoriety-seeking folk would have us believe. There are other deterring considerations against looseness aside from fear of the scarlet letter. No one can prove that there is not an orgy of universal debauchery in the offing; but some of us cannot see the signs of it.

As for the matrimonial relation, there need be no concern over the introduction of the "companionate marriage," for it is here already; and the sensible view seems to be prevailing that it is nobody's business if married people do not want children for a while, or ever. Doubtless knowledge of contraception tends to lessen the birthrate, but that is not bad in itself. If such knowledge becomes widely disseminated—not confined, like decent liquor, to the well-to-do—its service in making out of the hit-or-miss family a better planned enterprise may be incalculably beneficial. Elsewhere we do not pride ourselves on letting nature alone, but on learning her laws and adjusting to them, with the result of suffering less and profiting more.

If there were to be no children at all, the family would
(Please Turn to Page 637)

At the Bottom

The Autobiography of an Ex-Thief

By JOHN COFFEY

In this instalment of "Thief's Progress," the author writes of his life at its lowest ebb; a period that ended with an attempt at suicide in a solitary cell on Blackwell's Island, New York. The Bobbie referred to at the outset is a girl who had promised to dispose of some fur coats that Coffey had stolen. There will be a concluding chapter

DOROTHY AND I went to dinner at a place near Bobbie's hotel. I telephoned several times to Bobbie, but each time was told her room didn't answer. I had only \$3, not enough to pay for dinner, but I felt sure I could count on Bobbie. When we finished dinner I phoned again, with the same result. I decided to go out and try to find Bobbie, and asked Dorothy to wait until I came back. She sweetly assured me she wouldn't mind. At the hotel I went to Bobbie's room and knocked on the door, getting no answer. I was about to leave when I noticed the door wasn't wholly pushed shut. I opened it and went in. Not only was it empty, but bare of any sign of occupancy. Had Bobbie left? I opened the closet and the drawers of the bureau and saw not a single garment or toilet article. I left and went up to the room I had taken. The coats were gone. I returned downstairs to the desk and asked if Bobbie had checked out. She had, and had left no address or telephone number where she might be reached. I couldn't believe she had deliberately gone off with the coats.

Thinking of Dorothy and the dinner check made me go to Danny's on Forty-Eighth Street, where I borrowed five dollars from Danny, and then returned to Dorothy. The check came to more than five dollars, which left too little money for the show and after-theatre supper I had previously proposed. I told Dorothy of my failure to get some money I'd been sure of and asked if she'd mind if we'd call off our plans for the rest of the evening. She didn't mind, but she had five dollars with her and why couldn't we use that. I said I preferred not, and besides I wanted to look up the party who'd promised the money and that it might take time. Did I want her to wait until I was through? She'd be glad to; I had been treating her swell, and she'd be glad to show how much she appreciated it. No, I said, she'd better not wait; I couldn't tell how long I'd be and wouldn't have her hanging around an indefinite time. It was up to me, she said; she'd do what ever I wished. Her sweetness was a jagged knife turning around in me, re-

minding me of my unworthiness to be with her at all. I went with her to the nearest subway station, and wanted on the way to tell her I must stop seeing her because I wasn't good enough to be with her, but I couldn't bring myself to say it. She asked me to call her up as early as possible in the morning and I said I would. Then she put her mouth up for a kiss and I kissed her, for the first time, with the feeling that I was contaminating her. I turned and hurried away to hide how I felt.

No word came from Bobbie and I found no way to locate her. She had gone with the coats not intending to come back, I felt sure at last. "I should have known better than to rely on her," I thought; "serves me right." I hunted up the fellow who owed me fifty dollars, to whom I had written from Rhode Island, and found him at Danny's. He said he didn't have the money. Because he hadn't answered my letter I classed him with Bobbie, as one who pretended friendship and then tried to get money by it. I noticed he was wearing a diamond stickpin and had a watch. With a sudden movement I got hold of both, one with each hand. "I'll take these until you pay me the fifty dollars, you rat," I told him. "Loosen them or I'll tear them off you and then kick your damn head off." He wanted to reason with me, but I wouldn't listen and made him let me take the pin and watch.

Danny came and asked what was the matter. I told him. He said he couldn't let me take the pin and watch in his place, and that I'd have to give them back and wait until we were outside. I gave them back and waited. After awhile the other fellow started out and I followed. He made a dash and jumped on the running-board of a passing taxi. I caught it too and pulled him off. One punch was enough to make him turn over the watch and pin. He asked for a chance to get them back by

paying the fifty dollars and said he'd borrow it and give it to me in the morning. I agreed to meet him at Danny's at nine in the morning, and said if he weren't there with all the money I would go and pawn the watch and pin for all I could get on them and then sell the

ticket.

In the morning I left the watch and pin behind in my hotel room so that if J. had some one with him to take them away from me I'd not have them on me. Just after I had turned into Forty-Eighth Street from Seventh Avenue some one took my arm from behind and stopped me. I turned and saw it was a tall fellow I didn't know. He looked closely at me. "What the hell's this?" I asked. "You're Coffey," he said. "What of it?" I said. He showed a police badge and said, "I'm pretty sure you're wanted; I think it's for violation of parole; I'm going to find out." I was too stunned to say anything. "Come on," he said. "For Christ's sake," I pleaded with him; "I've got a chance to get into the army. Don't take it away from me." "Tough luck," he said; "I got to take you." I went along with him, trying to keep myself from thinking and feeling.

As soon as I got to a cell in the Tombs I wrote Dorothy about my arrest and my past record and said good-bye. Also I wrote the Local Board what had happened. Then I walked back and forth and tried to tell myself that crime could be made a religion, that anyhow I'd make it my religion "as long as they keep their damned system of putting property ahead of people. I'll help them put property ahead of people, and do a damned good job of it after this, too. I'll let them keep their two-by-four jobs. Let them fight their jackass war; I'm damned glad I'm out of it."

Two days later I was returned to Blackwell's Island to serve the ten and a half months remaining of my term. I had become hysterical with hate and continued so. When a letter came from Dorothy saying she didn't intend to stop being my friend just at the time I needed one most, I answered that if she continued being my friend she'd surely be more disappointed in me in the future

than she had been by my past, and I added that there were a number of things about me she didn't know that would end her friendship if I should tell them, which I'd do unless she forgot me. She answered that she wouldn't pay attention to anything I said in a hopeless mood, and that I might as well come out of it and write a cheerful letter; that what she had seen of me contradicted for her anything I might say against myself. "Damn little fool," I called her, and decided not to write again.

One morning about two weeks after returning to the penitentiary I was assigned to a gang which went to the Department of Correction dock at Twenty-Sixth Street and the East River to load supplies on the Department boat. While working I saw a chance to get unseen to a stairway at the rear of the dock, and without taking time to think I walked to the stairway and up. It led to a hallway on both sides of which several doors led to rooms. I investigated. Some of the doors were unlocked, and from windows in the rooms I might have dropped into the river, but the distance to the shore was too great for me to swim so I gave up the idea.

I returned to the hallway, telling myself to hurry and decide something. I climbed up to look through the transoms above the doors which were locked. All had office desks. I decided to push one of the transoms open and crawl through and hide under one of the desks. In a couple of minutes I did this, shutting the transom tight after crawling through. Then I bent double under a desk and waited. After a few minutes I realized there was no chance to get away by such a method. The only other chance was the river. Why not take it? It wouldn't matter if I did drown; nothing ahead of me meant anything; perhaps if I had to swim or drown I'd swim. I got out from under the desk. Then I heard a noise out in the hall. I ducked

back under the desk. I heard voices. "Who's got keys to these doors?" "Out front I guess." "Go and get them."

I got out from under the desk again. Below the back window was a platform. A coil of rope lay in a corner. I tied one end to a radiator near the window, opened the window and dropped the rope down. Going down my grasp on the rope was weak and I slid, rubbing my hands raw. As I landed, a door leading to the platform opened, and a dockhand came out. Seeing me he hurried back. "Hell, I've got no chance," I thought, and followed the dockhand out into the main part of the dock. The

move. "You cowardly brutes will hear about this; I'll go straight to the mayor," the woman said.

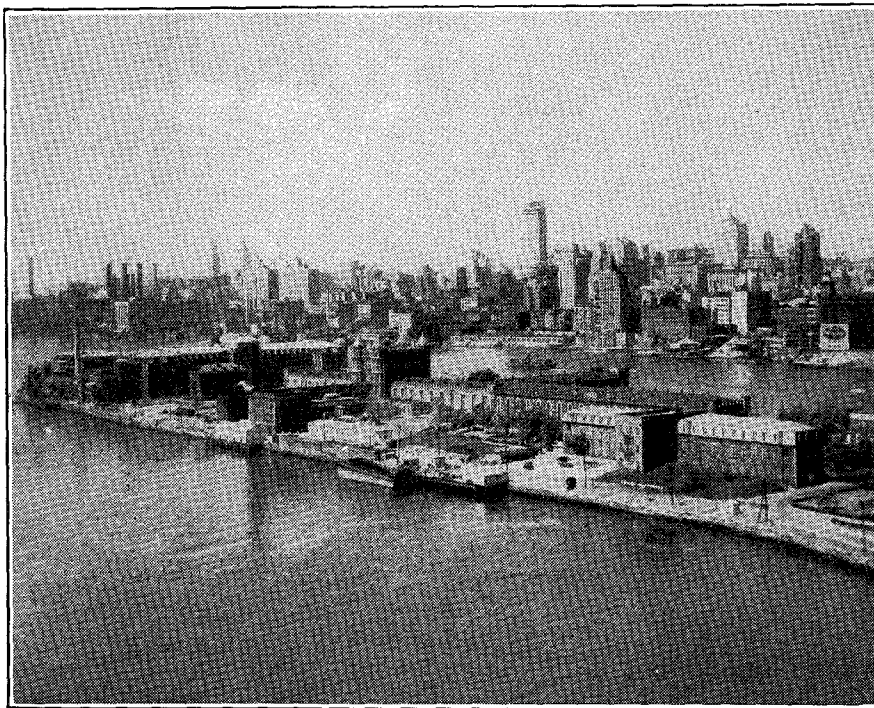
Two of the guards lifted me and carried me onto the boat and laid me on the deck. I worked my back for several minutes and made myself able to move and get up. I stood unsteadily. Two prisoners came to support me but the guards made them get away. "Don't you ever give me a chance to get you," I told them. "Shut your trap or you'll get more," one said. "You don't dare, you yellow lice; you're afraid of your jobs; you let a woman stop you," I half-shrieked. They grabbed my arms and hustled me forward, away from the other prisoners. I stood cursing and threatening them, calling them lice and cowards.

Returning to the Island the cold wind coming down the river upon my opened pores chilled me until I shook. I grew stiff, and ached all over from the blows. My raw hands burned. I stopped cursing the guards and thought only of lying on the cot in the solitary cell where they'd put me.

"Throw him in and forget him," the warden said.

I lay down on the crossed iron strips which took the place

of springs but the pressure upon my bruises made them sorer and the cold kept me shivering. I sat up awhile and then walked to get warmer. I felt the soreness more when moving, but preferred it to the cold. I sat down often to rest myself for more walking. I thought of various ways to get revenge on the guards who had beaten me, but none promised much success and all would involve more time and effort and risk than the result would be worth. My best hope was that the woman on the dock who had stopped them would see the mayor. I wished I knew who she was and where to write her, so I could stir her up by thanking her and saying the same guards had threatened to club me again the first good chance they got. Some fellow going out could sneak the letter out for me. I remembered that



Ewing Galloway

Blackwell's Island, East River, New York

dockhand spoke to a guard and pointed at me. The guard called another and rushed at me. A third and fourth guard came. The four surrounded me, and swung their clubs. I ducked, dodged, tried to run, covered my head and face with my arms. Most of the blows landed; they kept banging away, driving me from one to the other. I realized none of them aimed at my head; all at my body. "They're afraid to kill me," I thought. I began calling them the foulest names I could think of. They banged harder, faster. A woman began yelling at them to stop. I cursed them. A blow on the spine knocked me down; I felt paralyzed, hardly able to breathe. They swung down on my back. The woman rushed in screaming "Stop it! Stop it! Leave that boy alone! You brutes!" They stopped. I couldn't

the doctor was a very decent chap and once had made trouble for the warden because a fellow had been beaten badly. I rattled my door to bring the guard so I could ask to see the doctor, but either the sound didn't reach or the guard paid no attention. I called out to see if any of the other solitary cells were occupied, hoping to get help in making noise, and got no answer. I walked and sat and walked and sat.

At last the guard came with bread and water. I asked him to tell the doctor I wanted to see him. "I'm off duty now," he said, and left. I wished I had cursed him instead of having asked him for something.

Night brought more cold, and an increasing dread of what was ahead that I couldn't shake off or harden myself against. My nose began running and my head was thick and dull with cold.

THE IMPOSSIBILITY of sleep made me wish I could think of some way to make myself unconscious. I lay on the stone floor and banged my head several times, with no success but a painful bump and increased dizziness. I got up and staggered back and forth until I couldn't stand, and then lay on the cot and tried distracting myself by groaning and shouting and attempts at singing. After a while I groaned and muttered involuntarily, and shook with cold. I tried several times to make myself get up and walk again, but couldn't and fell back each time. When sleep still wouldn't come I tried to increase my pains, hoping to make myself faint. I clenched my raw hands tight and bumped and pressed my sorest spots as hard as possible, but failed to lose consciousness. Then, later in the night, horror mixed suddenly with my pain when I realized that the most violent symptom of my venereal trouble had returned. I had thought myself nearly cured. "Doctor! Doctor! Doctor!" I began repeating, as though some one might hear. "He'll have to come. He'll come! He'll come!"

I may have slept several times, because at last day came. More hours had to pass before a guard would come but I could bear to wait them because the night had gone and every moment brought nearer my seeing the doctor. I managed to get up and walk a little several times.

Then the guard came, with a trusty who was to sweep out my cell and empty the refuse-bucket. I told the guard about my condition, and asked

him to tell the doctor. "My orders is to put you in here and forget about you," he said. "Ask the warden if you want to see the doctor." I asked if he'd tell the warden I wanted to see him. "He knows you're here; he'll come if he wants to see you," he answered. "Jesus Christ! Haven't you any human feeling at all?" I said. "Just as much as you had for the four fellows who'd 'a' lost their jobs if you'd got away yesterday," he replied. I stood dazed, unable to say anything. He locked my door and left. I lay down, muttering curses, and grew hysterical with hate. Throughout the day I lay nourishing my hate, making it feed on my fear and pain. When the guard late in the afternoon brought bread and water I told him to go to hell, and yelled after him, as he left, to tell the warden the same thing.

Night came again. Fear of it deepened and sharpened my hate until the force of it spent me completely and I lapsed into a succession of nightmares.

Day renewed my hate and desperation, but my weakness kept them feeble. When the guard came I tried again to get him to tell the doctor to come. He made no answer.

I lay whimpering, "They're killing me. I can't stand it any longer. I won't let them do it; I'll do it myself. Yes I will!"

I THOUGHT of tearing my shirt into strips to make a rope. I took it off but my hands were too stiff and numb to grip it tightly enough. The frustration frenzied me. "I'll do it! I'll do it! Some way! My life's no good." I stumbled to the door and shouted the foulest names at the warden and the guards, at Bobbie, at every one who had ever done anything to me. I realized no one heard me and stopped. Then: "Come on and do it. Or are you too much of a coward? You don't dare. The hell I don't. I'll bite my wrists. That'll do it. Don't dare, don't I?"

I raised my right wrist to my mouth and bit. Blood came. I saw that only the skin was broken, and tried again. The tendons stopped my teeth from getting a good hold. I tried the back of my wrist, where a blood vessel showed, but again only cut the skin. "By God, I'll do it," I swore. I went at the blood vessel again like a mad dog, with all the strength of my jaws. The flesh resisted; I bit harder; felt the teeth sinking. Images flashed in my mind. My father receiving my body—

his "star's" body. His last disappointment from me. My mother suffering for years, uncomplaining; always feeling for others; loving, even when dying, "Tell John to do good and avoid evil." I tasted blood; looked at my wrist. Little blood came. "Can't I do it?" I felt I was going crazy. "I can't do it and I'm going crazy. Help me, God! Help me! Help me!" I slumped to my knees against the back wall. "Save me, God! Our Father—who art in heaven—hallowed be Thy name—Thy kingdom come—Thy will be done—on earth as it is in heaven—give us this day our daily bread—and forgive us our trespasses—as we forgive those who trespass against us—as we forgive those who trespass against us—as we forgive those who trespass against us—thanks, thanks." I fell over, sobbing.

AS I SOBBED ease and luxury flooded me; I felt new strength. I laughed and got up; walked back and forth. I kissed my wrist. "As we forgive those who trespass against us," I repeated. Then: "Who'll I forgive? Who's trespassed against me? Everything that's happened to me I've brought on by my own action. I've been excusing myself by blaming others, and now I'm supposed to get generous and forgive those I've blamed. I'll stop excusing myself—that's what I'll do; I'll make myself act so I won't need to excuse myself. I won't wait, either, until I'm out, or until next month, or next week; I'm starting right here, this minute, and I won't stop. Then maybe I'll do something and be somebody. Up to now I've wanted to be a great guy, and have everybody think me one, without doing anything to deserve it. I'm where I am right now because I've never given a damn for any one but myself; what I need more than anything else is the habit of thinking and feeling and doing for some one besides myself. That comes first, from this minute, whatever happens. I won't forgive others. I'll love them too much ever to blame them. I won't bother about God—He'll get along. I'll love people, everybody and anybody. Not by talking about it, either. I'll do something."

Cold and pain and fatigue failed to change my mood. Instead, I made use of them to stimulate and sustain it. They had helped me to it by making no alternative but suicide possible. They had been my friend; I'd appreciate them as such.

(To Be Concluded)

The Stream of Business

By FRANK A. FALL

Merger Week Postponed

THE National Merger Committee, Unlimited, after months of careful and hopeful planning, has had to change its schedule and place its big race meeting on a basis of when, as and if issued. The Committee members thought that the time was ripe; they are now inclined to believe that it was not ripe but rotten.

Meanwhile the distinguished entries which were to have gone to the post during Merger Week are continuing daily workouts, with weather clear and track fast. But the clockers have seen no records broken thus far. Standard Oil (New York) and Vacuum are inclined to shy at the Government observers perched along the rail. Standard (New Jersey) and Standard (California) are so nervous, for the same reason, that they will probably be scratched. Bethlehem and Youngstown are still in training, but their owners are involved in an argument as to whether the purse will be paid in cash or in stock.

Not even the entries in the Bankers' Handicap seem able to give the rail-birds a thrill. Since Chase, Equitable and Interstate were rounded up for the Wiggin Stables, owners of some of the other entries in the Handicap seem to have lost interest. There are rumors, however, that National City and Morgan may yet run under the same colors, in which event Merger Week may finally be pulled off with the Bankers' Handicap as its star attraction.

Fighting Fire Waste

FOR SELFISH REASONS, if no higher motive can be found, American business ought to get solidly behind the fine work that is being done by the National Fire Waste Council.

This body, sponsored by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States and made up of representatives of a number of large national organizations, meets twice a year in Washington. Its activities, however, are not limited to the semi-annual meetings. By means of hard-working committees it maintains an unending war against fire waste, which is responsible for the de-

struction of close to a half-billion dollars in property values and approximately ten thousand human lives annually.

Each year the Council conducts an Inter-Chamber Contest, and awards

INDICES

(A two-minute summary)

Commodity Prices (Fisher's Index—1926=100)
April 5—90.8. (Crump's British Index—1926=100) April 5—82.4.

Car Loadings (American Railway Assn.)
Week ended March 22—875,542 (reduction of 5,645 under preceding week and of 86,858 under same week of 1929).

Steel Ingot Production Week ended March 29—76% (increase of 3% over preceding week; reduction of 19% under same week of 1929).

Crude Oil Production Week ended March 29—daily average gross 2,514,200 barrels (decrease of 21,700 under preceding week and of 113,050 under same week of 1929).

Grain Exports Week ended March 29—509,000 bushels (decrease of 643,000 under preceding week and of 1,073,000 under same week of 1929).

Bank Clearings (as reported to Bradstreet's)
Week ended April 3—\$13,262,291,000 (increase of 12.5% over preceding week; reduction of 3.5% under same week of 1929).

Failures (as reported to R. G. Dun & Co.)
Week ended April 3—503 (reduction of 30 under preceding week; increase of 37 over same week of 1929).

prizes to cities which have made the most progress in fire prevention work and the reduction of fire losses. Philadelphia won the grand prize for 1929; Rochester, N. Y., led Class 2; Erie, Pa., Class 3; Lakewood, Ohio, Class 4; Watertown, N. Y., Class 5; and Albany, Ga., which has won the grand prize twice, led Class 6.

Business men should urge their local Chambers of Commerce to get into this contest. For 1929, there were 382 cities reporting; there should be at least twice that number in the 1930 contest. This work is saving valuable property, and lives that cannot possibly be valued in dollars. It deserves wholehearted, persevering support.

Ethics and Cement

EVERY NEW MOVE in the direction of business ethics brings out a fresh grist of wisecracks from the cynics. That "business is business" is frequently announced with a sneer and a leer implying that business, to be successful, must necessarily be dirty.

These sarcastic comments reveal, for one thing, complete ignorance as to

what is actually going on. It would be a matter of simple justice to sentence each smart commentator to read the codes of business ethics which are now in operation in our leading trade associations. Dozens of them have been assembled by Professor Heermance, and by J. George Frederick in his *Book of Business Standards*.

The latest development is the formation of the Cement Institute, organized to combat unfair trade practices in the Portland cement industry. The Institute's code condemns wilful interference with any existing sales contract between manufacturer and customer; defamation or disparagement of a competitor; enticement of the employees of a competitor; and the making or publishing of misleading statements concerning grade, quality, character, nature, origin, manufacture or preparation of products. The reasonableness of this code should be self-evident, but half-baked criticisms will doubtless continue until the happy day when the moron section of our population can be bound, gagged and thrown into the nearest deep water.

Chasing Credit Crooks

ABUSES OF THE CREDIT principle in business take many forms, the worst of which is the fraudulent failure, often referred to by credit managers as the "crooked bust." How this racket is being fought, with encouraging success, is the message of *How to Correct Credit Abuses* (Harper \$3.50) by Morris Marks.

The first organized attack on the credit racketeer was made by the "Investigation and Prosecution Department" of the National Association of Credit Men. With the raising of a fund of more than a million dollars, this work was expanded and the old "I. and P." developed into the Credit Protection Department, which has put fear into the hearts of credit pirates in all parts of the country. In this campaign, which has done so much to relieve business of a serious menace, Mr. Marks has taken an important part, and his report of methods and accomplishments is well worth the study of all business executives.

Buoyancy in Bonds

By WILLIAM O. SCROGGS

Last month witnessed a sharp upturn in bonds, a financial event, Mr. Scroggs thinks, of the first financial importance

THE LONG-AWAITED improvement in the bond market finally arrived in March, and it came with a rush as if attempting to make up for lost time. There was a slight upturn in bond prices in the third quarter of 1929, but part of this was lost before the end of the year and during January and February prices moved uncertainly. March, however, brought the most pronounced advance in two years, and for a short time bonds came near crowding stocks out of their accustomed first place in the day's financial news.

The volume of sales increased as prices rose. Total transactions in bonds on the New York Stock Exchange for the week ending March 22 were 130 per cent greater than in the corresponding week of 1929, and 64 per cent greater than in the corresponding week of 1928. Since the crash in the stock market of last November one of the best-known of the so-called bond-market "averages" has registered an advance of 7.3 per cent. To those accustomed to the greater swings of the stock market this may seem insignificant, but such a rise for bonds in four months is of the first importance.

The reasons for this improvement are not hard to discover. First of all, there was a glut during March in the money market. The rates on all forms of bank paper took a tumble. Bankers' acceptances touched the extremely low point of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent; and call money dropped to 2 per cent, the lowest point within six years. The Reserve Banks have been lowering their discount rates and at the same time have been buying United States Government securities and thereby turning loose an additional amount of cash. The amount of Government securities held by the Reserve System late in March was \$375,000,000 greater than twelve months before. This seemed to indicate that the Federal Reserve authorities were definitely committed to a policy of maintaining easy money as a means of aiding the recovery of business, and the stimulus to the purchase of fixed-interest securities was a natural result.

Another influence making for firmer bond prices has been the recent sharp recession in the prices of commodities. A sustained decline in the general price

level usually strengthens the bond market to some extent, for the reason that it points to a shrinkage in the demand for money and a consequent reduction in interest rates.

The low yield obtainable on time and demand loans made bonds especially attractive, and there was a huge increase in the demand for such securities, particularly from institutions. When the boom in the stock market was at its height those institutions which had funds to invest found it more profitable to lend their money on call on the New York Stock Exchange at rates ranging from 7 to 20 per cent than to invest in bonds. During 1928 and 1929, therefore, they were selling their bonds and placing the proceeds in call loans, amply secured by the deposit of stock market collateral. Recently, with the rate on call loans fluctuating from 2 to 4 per cent, these institutions have found it more profitable to buy gilt-edged bonds yielding from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent than to lend money on call.

THIS new attitude on the part of lending and investing corporations is reflected most strikingly in the weekly reports of the Federal Reserve Board on call loans. Since last October such loans "for the account of others" (by which is meant loans by member banks mainly on behalf of corporations) have dropped from nearly four billions to less than a billion and a half. This means that corporations have withdrawn some two and a half billions of liquid funds from the stock market. In spite of this heavy withdrawal, the total amount of call loans outstanding has been increasing since the turn of the year, but the additional funds have been supplied by banks and not by miscellaneous corporations.

The renewed ease of money has had the effect of increasing not only the demand for bonds but also the supply; that is, it has greatly stimulated the flotation of new issues. Since the beginning of the year approximately a billion dollars in new bonds have been publicly offered in the New York

market. One conspicuous development has been the resumption of foreign borrowing on a considerable scale. So far this year foreign bonds have constituted about 25 per cent of

the new offerings, which is about the customary proportion when credit conditions are normal. For a time last year, owing to the prohibitively high rates of interest, foreign borrowing in the United States was practically suspended. More recently, however, foreign borrowers have been coming into the New York market from all parts of the world.

THE heavy offerings of new bonds have been absorbed without checking the buoyancy of the bond market, and this also is something which could not have been said of the market six months ago. Foreign countries as well as the United States will benefit from the recent changes. The new loans have been made for productive purposes, and they should contribute to an improvement in the purchasing power of foreign countries and thus to better markets for all sorts of goods.

Not the least important effect of the improved bond market is the opportunity which it may give for floating the first instalment of the bonds to be issued under the Young plan. There have been frequent reports that the first issue of these bonds, perhaps to the amount of \$300,000,000, would be offered in American and European markets during May. All the details with regard to this prospective issue are dependent, of course, on the ratification of the Young plan by Germany's creditors as well as on the completion of the organization of the new Bank for International Settlements, and possibly also on political developments overseas during the interim.

In due time, however, a portion of Germany's war indebtedness to the Allies is going to be changed from a political debt of one nation to others into a commercial debt, with the creditors no longer nations but individuals. This should go far toward removing one of the possible causes of international friction in coming years, and toward hastening what M. Briand has so aptly termed the final liquidation of the War.

Hindenburg, Record-Holder

By T. R. YBARRA

ON THE twenty-sixth of this month Paul von Hindenburg, commander-in-chief of the German armies during the World War, celebrates the fifth anniversary of his election to the presidency of the German Republic. He also has something else to celebrate—the fact that he is the only survivor of the supreme War leaders, military or civil, who still occupies high position in post-war affairs. And there is still another thing which sets him apart from all others, still another thing that he can celebrate, if he wishes to on the anniversary of his election: the fact that, of all those leaders, he alone has received from his fellow-countrymen both the highest military and the highest civil honors which it was in their power to bestow. For something analogous to this one must go back to the epoch of the Franco-German war. Then Marshal MacMahon, commander of the French army in the Sedan campaign became President of the French Republic that arose on the ruins of the Second French Empire—just as Hindenburg, who led the armies of Germany in the campaign of 1918, was subsequently chosen President of the German Republic erected on the ruins of that German Empire which, under Emperor William II., had met defeat more disastrous than that suffered by the empire of Napoleon III.

Not only are there none of the great War leaders still in high position, like Hindenburg, but few of them survive at the present writing.

Taking France, first of all, Marshal Joffre, who led her armies at the outset of the conflict, is still alive, but he is a very old man and has been for some time on the retired list. Poincaré, French president when the War began in 1914, has been forced by illness to refrain from further active participation in politics. A year ago Marshal Foch died—the soldier who was chosen to be supreme commander of the Allied forces on the western front at the gravest crisis of the struggle and was still at their head when victory at last crowned their efforts. And, toward the end of last year, Georges Clemenceau, Premier of France through the darkest hours of her death-grapple with the Germans—Georges Clemenceau, the "Tiger," France's Grand Old Man, who survived a bullet fired into him when

he was over seventy years old, who seemed immortal, a permanent part of France as we know it—died at last, in his eighty-seventh year. A fighter to the very last breath. During the last years of his life Clemenceau had been barred by his countrymen from high office—their failure to make him President of France was to him a source of bitterness until the end of his life.

As for the United States, Woodrow Wilson, our War-time President, has long been dead, and General Pershing, leader of our War-time army, has long been retired from active service.

BITAIN has lost Asquith, her Premier at the outbreak of the War, Marshal French, commander of her armies during the first part of the struggle, and Earl Haig, their leader in the great battle of the Somme, the disastrous fighting of the Spring of 1918, and the victorious push that culminated in the armistice of the autumn of that same year. As for David Lloyd George, Britain's outstanding premier of the War days, he is still living and still actively engaged in politics. But he occupies no high public office. He is simply a leader of the British Liberal Party and an eloquent Opposition speaker in the House of Commons.

The man who was Italian premier when the War was on, Signor Orlando—with Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau a member of the "Big Four" who made the Versailles Treaty—is still among the living, but no rays of the international limelight have fallen upon him for years. In Fascist Italy, the Italy of Benito Mussolini, Orlando has sunk into obscurity. And the two most prominent military figures of the Italy of War times are both dead—Cadorna, conqueror of Gorizia and scapegoat of Caporetto, and Diaz, commander of the army which attacked the Teutons at Vittorio Veneto and ended the War in Italy with a great Italian victory.

Turning to the countries which were fighting the Allies in the great War, no personage, civil or military, who bulked large between 1914 and 1918, still struts and frets his hour upon the Austrian stage. No more do we hear of Berchtold or Burian. Emperor

Francis Joseph has been dead more than ten years—the ill-starred Karl, last of the Hapsburg Emperors of Austria-Hungary, is likewise in his grave. And Marshal Conrad von Hoetzendorf, supreme chief of the Austrian armies embattled against the Allies, did not live long after their final defeat. Death closed the career, not long ago, of the Grand Duke Nicholas, commander of Russia's armies in the World War, the one Russian among all those prominent in the struggle who captured the imagination of the world. And the Czar is dead and so is Sazonoff, who was Russian premier when the War burst over Europe.

Among the Germans, William II. still lives but his is a sort of life in death—dethroned and an exile. The outstanding civilian War-time figure of Germany—Imperial Chancellor von Bethmann Hollweg—died several years ago. As for the various men who followed him, in kaleidoscopic fashion, in the German Chancellorship, they may have held a prominent post but one can never think of them as prominent. Is Michaelis alive or dead? And Prince Max of Baden? And Hertling? Who knows or cares?

LUDENDORFF is still alive, but he long ago made himself impossible politically, and he is now living, in irreconcilable hatred of nearly everything and nearly everybody, very much in retirement somewhere in Bavaria. The men who preceded the Hindenburg-Ludendorff combination in the supreme leadership of Germany's War-time armies are both dead—Moltke, who led the Germans on their irruption into Belgium and France, and Falkenhayn, who so signally failed to take Verdun a couple of years later.

That closes the count of the really prominent War figures. Pétain, French commander-in-chief before Foch, is still living—but, somehow, he never caught people's imaginations as did Joffre, his predecessor, and Foch, his successor. In Germany, Mackensen still lives in retirement and Ferdinand of Bulgaria, exile from his kingdom, has substituted chasing butterflies for chasing rainbows. Only Hindenburg still stands in the spotlight—conspicuous after the War as he was while it was being waged.

►► The Leisure Arts ◄◄

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

Some Spring Novels

JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER'S new novel, *The Party Dress* (Knopf \$2.50) will remind readers, of his *Cytherea*. But while the earlier novel held the interest by a certain freshness, the new one is heavy going. Possibly this is because the country club milieu, at best of doubtful interest, soon grows stale; possibly because, even to the middle-aged, the amours of middle age are dreary. Both setting and incident in *The Party Dress* are familiar. A lady, fair and forty but by no means fat, with a stolid, complacent husband, two nearly grown children and a devoted young cavalier, buys a Paris gown. If anything could be added to the frothy gaiety of her life, it is added by this gown. Strong men go weak before it; even the cavalier gets restive; even the lady's son protests. Among those who fall is a misogynist, a sugar magnate from Cuba. He is a man familiar with the works of Plato and Pythagoras, and his fall is therefore a more serious affair than those of men who read only *The Wall Street Journal*, *The Alumni News* and Winchell's column. He is a rather decent fellow and deserves a better fate. The lady of the party dress knows love for the first time. She also commits adultery for the first time. But she is accustomed to compromise. Smugly, though with tears, she abides by the tenets of her set and her learned lover commits suicide. The story is ugly, and is probably a pretty sound attack on the sort of woman who is represented. Hergesheimer's *degringolade* seems to this reviewer a particularly tragic thing. The false-good taint increasingly apparent in his work has spread until there is little beauty left to leaven the lump.

Hergesheimer's most striking quality, his gorgeous sensuousness which expressed itself in a brave and magnificent use of color, has become a noisy smacking of the lips, an oily rubbing of the hands. This book about people who drink too much, play too much, above all, talk too much is an example of what can happen to a fine talent when it is not matched by fine taste.

Anne Green, sister of Julien, has

bourgeoisie and eventually marries into it. The book is full of acute observation, high spirits and clever characterizations, only one of which is burlesqued beyond reality. It is first rate light reading, and introduces a new talent in that sparsely settled field.

Hampered in spots by over-clever dialogue, *Lights of Fame* by Walter Gilkyson (Scribners \$2.50) is for all that a swift narrative of the conflict between fixed orderly society and vagrant, anti-social art. It is a story of Philadelphia, of a group of sophisticated millionaires, stout capitalists, good republicans, fundamentally honest unto which a brilliant, egocentric artist is catapulted by his marriage with a young and lovely member of the group. Herron, the artist, falls into a cheap affair with an actress which involves him in a blackmailing plot directed against Stair, a high-minded scientist. The scheme is related to a quarrel between an unscrupulous newspaper operator and a public service corporation. As a secondary interest, there is the gracious love story of Stair and Herron's wife. In foiling



Woodcut by Howard Simon in Edmond Fleg's "*The Life of Solomon*" (Dutton)

written a novel as different from her brother's as pink dappled with apple green is from maroon shot with dark grey. *The Selbys* (Dutton \$2.50) is an amusing sketch of Americans among Parisians. These expatriates of Miss Green's are neither mauve-decadents, nor Hemingway's bums, nor Bromfield's Cats who live at the Ritz. They do nothing in Miss Green's pages but have a good time and indulge in amusing and believable dialogue. The Selbys themselves, are an engaging middle-aged pair who live in Paris, adore each other and find life interesting. The ingenue of the tale is a southern miss who goes to live with them, plays with the *haute*

the blackmail scheme and running down its instigators, Stair solves his own problem as well and the book is given a happy ending. The plot of *Lights of Fame* is obvious and somewhat melodramatic, but it is the plausible framework upon which a skillful and finished novelist has erected an interesting structure of social criticism, adorned by some realistic scenes and by a devastating but truthful portrait of the artist as villain of the piece.

In a competent, readable novel, *The Days of Her Life* (Houghton, Mifflin \$2.50) Wallace Irwin tells the story of Emma Beecher who rose from a little ignoramus to be an expert on oriental

April 16, 1930

art, from a mining camp ragamuffin, nursed on violence, to be a distinguished and noble-minded gentlewoman. It is a familiar statement that women adjust themselves more easily than men to social changes. The rough diamond in society is usually male. Emma Beecher's rise is easy to believe and it captures the reader's sympathy. What is less clear is the source of the strength with which she built her admirable life. The setting of *The Days of Her Life* is a Colorado mining camp, then San Francisco in the nineties. There is plenty of first-rate local color, and there are four excellent male characterizations: Emma's first "husband," the gambler who rescued her from her horrible home, taught her the rudiments of an ordered life and betrayed her; the friend who stuck to her through thick and thin; the gentle, crippled antiquarian whom she married and cared for with complete devotion; and the brilliant wanderer whom she loved but for whom she would not forego the rewards of sacrifice. The character of Emma Beecher is less distinct. She is all that is beautiful, loyal and wise, and after trouble she finds peace. But this the reader hears rather than sees.

Those who read *The Immoralist* in French will think of it, along with *Strait Is the Gate*, as the perfection of André Gide's work as a stylist. In the excellent translation by Dorothy Bussy (Knopf \$2.50) the story becomes of paramount importance. It is the story of a man whose moral sense was lost in an overwhelming interest in the effect of everything upon himself. Michel has been brought up by a scholar father, puritanical without religion. He is, himself, a scholar at twenty. Utterly ignorant of life, he is brought by horrible illness into the presence of death. His young wife rescues and cures him, and he remakes his life, or rather makes a life lest he should die before he has lived. His experiences, his immoralities are mental. He lives in the contemplation of himself. He builds a beautiful body and rejoices in it; then a skillful mind, and rejoices in it. But his soul eludes him. At the last, his wife having died of her devotion and his neglect, he summons his friends, tells them his story (the book is his story as told by him) and asks them why he should continue to live. His question is hard to answer. Gide, interested between the conflict of puritan and pagan, examines every oblique angle of human behavior, turns his clear eyes into the obscure corners of the soul. In *The Immoralist* he illustrates the conflicting pulls of self-development and self-sacrifice. The moral of the story seems to

be that he who loseth his life shall find it, for Michel, having found his life, does not know what to do with it. *The Immoralist*, like all of Gide's books, is rewarding and provocative reading.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Week's Reading

"**M**OGREB EL ACKSA" by R. B. Cunninghame Graham (Viking Press \$3.50) is the first American edition of a book published in England more than thirty years ago. It was introduced to this reviewer before the War by an English friend who said that it was "the finest travel book in English, written by the greatest dandy in England." Such a recommendation was irresistible, and we borrowed and read it, have read all the author's later books, but never saw *Mogreb el Acksa* again until today. We remember it as a picturesque and enchanting tale of a vain attempt to get into a forbidden Mohammedan city in the Atlas mountains, full of vivid and enthralling incident and sparkling with wit. If he had not been born a Scotch laird and a Spanish don, Cunninghame Graham would have been a dangerous desperado. His cool nerve, his grand sense of humor, his sympathetic and reflective observation, his wandering asides and his brilliant narrative style make this book, like all his others, a continuous delight.

Most men who write on the subject of women insist that they address their remarks to men. Nevertheless, John Macy's *About Women* (Morrow \$2.50), a collection of articles prepared for magazine publication, will be read mainly by women. That is a pity, because what Macy has to say is not startlingly original, but it is sensible and straightforward, and wise men, if they would, could do much to help the distraught modern woman to find her way to order and peace. Women will read *About Women*, and they will have known it all, already. Those who agree with Macy, as this one does, will nod and turn to something more diverting or more useful. Those who do not—and they are the more articulate if not the largest number—will say, as they have already said in letters following the magazine publication of the articles, that John Macy is abnormal or has been crossed in love; and that women who agree with him are trying to curry favor with a mere man. Our only quarrel with the book is that it is sometimes flippant in the wrong place, a common fault in American books on serious subjects. Also we believe that if feminism could be ignored for ten years it would die of starvation and "masculism" the



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From a review by
Harris Franklin Rall.

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alarming counter movement which John Macy suggests would not need to get under way.

In *Alexander Pope* (Cosmopolitan \$4.), Edith Sitwell, the English poetess, has brought an effective if acidulous pen to the defense of the little man who was a great poet. Pope as a human being is less interesting than, let us say, Byron; and once we have read Miss Sitwell's able refutation of the charges of want of heart, avarice, toadying and mean-spiritedness which were heaped upon his poor crooked back by his own and succeeding generations, we have had all the biographical material we want. But Miss Sitwell's virulent criticism of contemporary poetry and poets, in her introduction, part of which has previously appeared in an essay contributed by her to the symposium, *Tradition and Experiment in Present Day Literature* (Oxford Press), if dubious in part is always stimulating. And her too brief chapter of Notes on Pope's Poetry deserves inclusion in a critical anthology. Miss Sitwell's pictures of Pope's times, and of such figures as Swift, Wycherly and Lady Mary Wortly Montagu are clever and vivid. Her style is somewhat precious. But in these days of super-production, when many only semi-literate people write biography, taking liberties with the English language because they do not know it well enough to respect it, Miss Sitwell's games with words and sentences are as charming as the playful tricks of a child with a beloved and familiar parent.—F. L. R.

Maxim Gorky has spent several years of his life in writing *Bystander* (Cape and Smith \$3.), a novel which he considers his masterpiece, his life work, the ultimate test by which future generations will judge him. Nominally it is the story of a group of people who grow up together in a little Russian town. The hero, Clim, is a very ineffective hero. Even as a child he is always mooning about in the background, meditating upon the futility of life, while other children play games. He grows up slowly and ambles into several Russian universities. Finally, he marries the heroine, Lidia, who is the only really interesting character in the novel. Why she succumbs to him is a mystery to this reviewer. A series of passionate love-affairs in early life apparently wearies her into accepting the innocuous Clim. The plot of the story, however, is not important. Gorky has attempted through the book to give the reader an incidental cultural history of Russia. He has given a picture of various sects, as diverse and as bizarre to us as Christian Science and Rotary

no doubt seem to Russians. He has, however, drowned his interesting characters in a flood of bad philosophy. At least half the characters are pseudo-philosophers whom the author takes very seriously. One hopes that Gorky will not insist on being judged in the future



Here Goes My Lord A Trot,
A Trot, A Trot, A Trot!

Drawn by Marguerite Davis for "Sugar and Spice" (Little, Brown)

by this bulky book. It is by one play and a few short stories that he might better be remembered. For the truth of the matter is that Gorky has never written what can conscientiously be called a good novel.—W. F.

If we think of James I of England as a dull pendant in whose reign little startling happened, it is because that reign came between the glory of Elizabeth and the tragedy of Charles I and is dimmed by them. In fact, James was a busy monarch. When he was not engaged in killing witches, translating the Scriptures, or dealing with the Gunpowder Plot, he was a cunning politician and fancied himself as a diplomat. Two books just out give us, together, a close-up of James' reign, and each carries on the story into the time of his son, Charles I.

Sir Philip Gibbs in his *King's Favorite* (Lippincott) re-tells from new study of the records the story of the dark and horrible murder of Sir Thomas Overbury. For this the "King's Favorite," the Earl of Shrewsbury, and his wife were convicted, (the lady pleaded guilty), but neither was executed, and Sir Philip thinks that their fate was worse than death in that they were forced to live together for many years and away from the court. To this day

The Outlook's Five Inch Shelf

For Week-End Reading

Adventure: *Devil Drums*, by Clements Ripley: Brewer & Warren.

Novel: *Long Hunt*, by James Boyd: Scribners.

Biography: *Alexander Pope*, by Edith Sitwell: Cosmopolitan.

Miscellaneous: *Mogreb el Acksa*, by R. B. Cunningham: Graham-Viking Press.

there is doubt as to whether Somerset was a party to the murder; undoubtedly he did throw Overbury into the Tower to keep him from interfering with the divorce of Lady Essex. As for Lady Essex, if the witnesses told the truth, she hired scoundrels in and out of the Tower to poison Overbury four times in four months, with "rosalgar," "arsenick" and (twice) with "mercury sublimite"—whereof he died; and a terrible death he had.

Apart from this crime-story, which has all the elements of a "thriller," Sir Philip gives us a very vivid and realistic picture of the life of this period and thereby makes his book of wide interest.

This is true also of Mr. R. P. T. Coffin's *Laud* (Brentano's). His subtitle, "Storm Center of England" is correct if we take it to mean "a storm center," for Stratford was a first and greater storm center, and although Laud's head fell by the ax four years later than Stratford's, both men were parts of one and the same storm that raged for political freedom and against prelacy. Indeed, one wonders if Laud would have been a great historical figure had he not been martyred. His tenets were much those of the Anglo-Catholics of our day. He did not want Papal Supremacy, but instead he stood for apostolic succession, for anti-Calvinism and for ritualism. He hated and persecuted Puritans and by the rising tide of Puritanism he was destroyed.—R. D. T.

The Grandeur and Misery of Victory by Georges Clemenceau: (Harcourt, Brace) published on April 12th, will be reviewed later by John Carter.

Behind the Blurbs

IT MAY INTEREST YOU to know that Poughkeepsie, N. Y., now the seat of Vassar College, was once a haunt of cannibals. This we learned from a reading of *The Autobiography of a Criminal: Henry Tufts*¹, in which that worthy, who was burgling, horse stealing, and passing counterfeit Continental paper money while the Revolutionary War was in progress, tells of a hair raising escape from the stew pot. This book, edited by Edmund Pearson, is reprinted from the first edition, published in New Hampshire in 1807, recounts in an amusingly flowery style the criminal and Casanovan adventures of one of our early bad men. *** Carl Sandburg has written another book of stories from the Rootabaga country, *Potato Face*²,

1. Duffield, \$3.00.

2. Harcourt Brace, \$1.50.

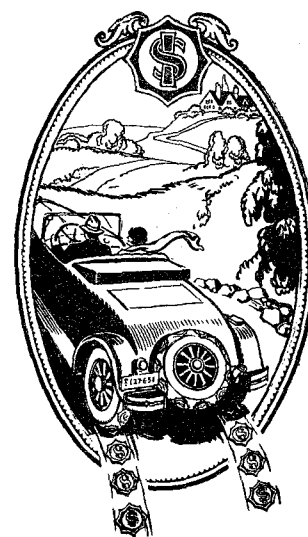
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which are a pleasant mingling of wisdom and nonsense. These are just stories; they are not "about" anything at all. We liked particularly the town of Boiled Eggs, where the soft-boiled eggs and the hard-boiled eggs looked exactly the same outside, and you couldn't tell which was which until you saw them bump. *** Katherine Morrison Kahle's *Modern French Decoration*³ is an exposition of the characteristics and elements of modern French decorative arts, designed to assist those who wish to apply the modern manner in their own homes—or, if they are decorators, in the homes of others. It is clear and readable, although many of the excellent illustrations will not be new to those familiar with other works on the subject. *** There is much movement and color in *Three Half Moons*⁴, a tale of love and hate and trysts and assassinations in Florence under the treacherous and debauched Duke Alessandro de' Medici. You will follow with interest the adventures of Gian Giulio in his efforts to save Luisa from the Duke, kill his enemy Salviati, and win the love of Fiammetta. *** Helen Simpson's *Desires and Devices*⁵ is a story of England in 1816, and as fine a novel as we have read in some time. Melian Forster, a self-willed girl, leaves the house of her aunt and uncle, the vicar and his virtuous and formidable wife, to live with her father. The story centers about the trial of Frank, the vicar's coachman, for attacking a local baronet, and Forster's efforts to spite the baronet, who he considers has stolen his former mistress, by getting him off. A beautiful irony plays over these well drawn characters, and the speeches of the learned counsel, indeed the whole account of the trial, is delightful. A distinguished piece of work. *** When Fred Puleston, in *African Drums*⁶, tells of the things he has seen, he is interesting. When he tells what he thinks about them he is not so good. Fortunately he has seen a good deal. He tells of his life as a trader in the Congo between 1882 and 1896—days when the white man's footing in that savage jungle was more precarious than it is today. There are cannibal feasts, harems, native poisons, trips up unexplored rivers, battles, a fight between a man and a boa, and an account of the bath of blood of the King of Benin. An excellent combination of information and thrills, to which André Durenceanu's fine illustrations add a pleasantly gruesome note. *** Good sound work by our old admiree, in *The Berkshire Mystery*⁷, disentangles the Pallant emeralds from Capt. Shu-

macher's poltergeist who was among those present at Headingham Manor when said stones were stolen. The story is told chronologically—in telegrams, letters, interviews, etc., just as it was presented to the detective,—a method which allows every reader to do his own sleuthing, and makes for clarity and conciseness, with no sacrifice of readability. *** The authors of that excellent super-guidebook, *Paris is a Woman's Town*⁸, have written a book about London—*London is a Man's Town*⁹, which you won't want to be without if you plan visiting that well known city this summer. *** Louis Untermeyer's *Blue Rhine—Black Forest*¹⁰ is another super-guidebook to the districts named in the title, ill. with sketch maps by the author, and containing a condensed glossary of German words as well as much useful information. *** The aim of *The Bible in Art*¹¹ is, in the compiler's words, to "assemble in convenient form the 200 Bible stories and images that have most influenced the hearts and minds of men during the last 20 centuries, and that have been most commonly reproduced or suggested in art and literature." A useful book for the visitor to art galleries who wishes quickly to refresh his memory on these religious subjects. *** Practical advice on building, repairing and improving the small home is contained in *The Home-Owner's Manual*¹², just published by Century. It has chapters on painting, papering, plumbing, furnace operation, electricity, heating systems and carpentry, as well as on lawn, garden, cement and stone work, play facilities and so on. *** From *Espionage*¹², translated by Bernard Miall from the German of H. R. Berndorff, we learn a number of surprising things: that at the beginning of the World War the Russian was the best organized of the continental secret services; that secret information bureaux were established in Holland which sold their wares to whichever country would pay the price; that in one case carrier pigeons with small cameras attached to their tails were used in photographing army manoeuvres. Of the stories of individual spies, that of the "lady doctor" is the most thrilling, though she is less well known than some of the others. Worth reading.

WALTER R. BROOKS.

3. Putnam, \$3.50.
4. By Stephen Brent: McBride, \$2.50.
5. Doubleday Doran, \$2.50.
6. Farrar & Rinehart, \$4.00.
7. By G. D. H. & M. Cole: Brewer & Warren, \$2.00.
8. By Josephy and McBride: Coward-McCann, \$3.00.
9. Harcourt Brace, \$2.50.
10. Compiled by Louise Haskell Daly: Scribners, \$2.00.
11. By Dorothy and Julian Olney: Century, \$2.50.
12. Appleton, \$2.50.



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The Outlook's Guide to the Most Discussed Books

This list of the ten best-selling books is compiled from reports sent to the Outlook each week by wire from the following representative bookshops:

BRENTANO'S, New York; SCRANTOMS, INC., Rochester; KORNER & WOOD, Cleveland; SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT & BARNEY, St. Louis; KENDRICK BELLAMY Co., Denver; TEOLIN PILOT Co., Houston; PAUL ELDER & Co., San Francisco; NORMAN REMINGTON Co., Baltimore; EMERY BIRD THAYER, Kansas City; MILLER'S BOOK STORE, Atlanta; BULLOCK'S, Los Angeles; MARSHALL FIELD & Co., Chicago; STEWART KIDD, Cincinnati; J. K. GILL, Co., Portland, Oregon.

Fiction

Cimarron, by Edna Ferber: Doubleday, Doran—Picturesque tale of Oklahoma. Reviewed April 9.
The Woman of Andros, by Thornton P. Wilder: A. & C. Boni. A lovely prose poem on the beauty of frustration. Reviewed February 26.
The Door, by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Farrar and Rinehart. An ingenious mystery story with a startling denouement. Reviewed April 2nd.
Exile, by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. A well constructed story of English expatriates on the Italian Riviera. Reviewed March 19.
The Great Meadow, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts: Viking. One of America's finest historical novels. Reviewed March 5.

Non-Fiction

Byron, by Andre Maurois: Appleton. A brilliant biography of the self-made tragic hero. Reviewed March 26.
Lincoln, by Emil Ludwig: Little, Brown. In explosive technique, Ludwig informs us that in Lincoln we have a man "immemorably unique."
The Strange Death of President Harding, by M. D. Thacker: Guild Publishing Co. Will not be reviewed here.
Treatise on the Gods, by H. L. Mencken: Knopf. To be reviewed later by Edmund B. Chaffee.
Year In, You're Out, by Samuel Hoffenstein: Liveright. The finest type of light verse, charming, funny and timely. Reviewed April 2.



Magazine Articles Recommended

We Need One Another, by D. H. Lawrence, Scribners, May.

As a sensitive man, the author was during his lifetime, considerably concerned with sex. This interest, naturally reflected in his writings, provoked the official censors and the prurients to violent opposition. Far from indicating an unduly erotic or sensational mind, this posthumous article shows Lawrence as a sympathetic man sanely trying to integrate the complex, personal relationships between men and women.

Lone Wolves of the Open Sea, by Alfred F. Loomis. The Sportsman, April.

The author, an authority on long distance small-boat cruising, recounts some of the incredible adventures of the only three men who have successfully circumnavigated the world single handed. Mr. Loomis' account of the voyages of Joshua Slocum, Harry Pidgeon and Alain Gerbault gives an excellent idea of the hardships and fascinations of this most exclusive of sports.

"Can Anyone Learn to Fly?" and "Airports—an Important Factor in Aviation," by Frank E. Fehlman. Advertising and Selling, March 19 and April 2.

This is a strong plea for the proper training of air pilots. The author, a realist, advises us to get, before taking an airplane trip, satisfactory answers to these questions: "What is the history of this pilot; how old is the airplane; when was the motor last overhauled?" Business men will take a thorough interest in aviation—including the all important subject of adequate and accessible airports—"as soon as the circus hysteria of aviation has subsided."

"Vol. 1, No. 1"

STATE GOVERNMENT (April) pub. by American Legislators Assn., Equitable Bldg., Denver—25 cents a copy, \$3.00 a year.

The State legislator determines the fundamental form and policies of the State Government. He is served by the American Legislator's Association, founded in 1925, whose objects are to encourage each State to maintain an adequate reference bureau as an "informational switchboard" through which legislators concerned with new legislation may secure information and advice. "State Government," replacing previous bulletins of this organization, has undertaken to interest not only State legislators but students of law and of political science, and the many attorneys and business men concerned with State legislation.

▶▶ The Human Mind ◀◀ As Seen in Recent Books

OCCASIONALLY a book appears which seems to make other books of a similar kind in the same field superfluous. It fills a need. It covers the ground. It has the earmarks of competent authorship. It has not been done in a hurry; and it may even have literary distinction.

Such a book is Karl A. Menninger's *The Human Mind* (Knopf). Among many books it stands out unique—a comprehensive review of psychiatry for the lay public, in which we may include doctors, lawyers, clergymen, and social workers, however much they may each and all have come to think of psychiatry as a part of their own technique. Here and there in the four hundred and forty pages of this excellent treatise one gets the impression that scrap books of poetry, correspondence, or clinical records have been drawn upon without sufficient effort to incorporate the material into the structure of the book. The reproduction of Southard's war cases seems to the reviewer a case in point, notwithstanding the author's assurance that the same pictures and the same treatments are every-day routine in ordinary non-military psychiatric practice. But even these only slightly connected illustrations, are on the whole presented with a skill and discrimination recalling William James' use of cases in *Varieties of Religious Experience*.

A healthy mind is at least as important as a healthy body. Menninger describes it as the ability to maintain an even temper, an alert intelligence, socially considerate behavior, and a happy disposition. In his introduction he reviews the popular explanations of the behavior of queer people—demoniac possession, bewitchment, original sin, pure cussedness, responsibility in the metaphysical sense, and the fallacies of psychologists, eugenisists, and psychiatrists. He then expounds the real service of psychiatry in relieving the jams in mental machinery and restarting its wheels, giving a clear account of the factors external and internal which bring about the jams, telling what the disasters look like, how the failures can sometimes be rehabilitated, and what can be done with the others.

In the course of the important chapter on motives one will find a sane appreciation and criticism of psychoanalysis, and a useful exposition of the various persistent fantasies of the unconscious, such as the Jehovah complex and the delusions of royal lineage. The

book ends with a "philosophic section," discussing the extension of psychiatry to education, industry, medicine, and the treatment of crime. What the author says about crime is exactly right as far as it goes, and as he remarks, it is "too obvious to elaborate." Nevertheless it is revolutionary. It abolishes the distinction between asylums and jails, and abolishes both those "atrocious names."

Foundations of Mental Health (Appleton) by Leonardo Bianchi, late professor in the Royal University of Naples, was well worth translating. Perhaps it would have been called in this country a book on practical social problems. It is long since Americans have had a chance to read a better temperance tract than his chapter on alcoholism, though he does not welcome "prompt help from the legislative powers." Freud's doctrine of sex he characterizes as "a fantastic castle erected with a fine and elegant psychological architecture, but in many respects brutal."

Let's Be Normal, by Fritz Kunkel (Ives Washburn) is another timely translation, extraordinarily compact with ripe wisdom. *The Living Mind* by Lawrence Fite of Princeton (Dial) is a volume of essays, all except the first reprinted from periodicals where they appeared originally between 1908 and 1918. Whether it is worth while to reproduce an essay on Eucken's philosophy of life, or on the pre-war philosophy of Bertrand Russell, may be questioned. But the discussion is so dignified, rational, and urbane as to disarm criticism. This applies especially to his essay in advocacy of birth control.

The Health of the Mind (Washburn and Thomas) by J. R. Rees, head of the psychopathic clinic in Tavistock Square, London, is a modest and authoritative explanation of current psychotherapy; and as it deals mainly with the normal rather than the abnormal mind it may serve as a connecting link for a reference, in closing, to a real textbook on *Psychology Normal and Abnormal* (Appleton) by J. W. Bridges, professor of psychology in the Faculty of Medicine of McGill University. Written primarily for doctors and medical students, it will have the added interest of stolen fruits for the lay public. Those who can read and profit by Menninger's *Human Mind* will be able to understand also this general survey of modern psychology.

EDWARD T. DEVINE.

►► The Theatre ◀◀

By O. D. C.

"TROYKA," by Lula Vollmer, from the Hungarian of Imre Fazekas, (Hudson Theatre,) is the story of a colony of Russian prisoners on the Island of Sakhalin in the years immediately preceding the downfall of the Czar. Prisoners in this Siberian colony rot in the mines and sing of freedom, desperately hoping that some day release will come. With the success of the revolution, however, freedom arrives like a bolt from the blue, with the result that the *esprit de corps*, which as prisoners they had all shared, vanishes and they immediately revert to the old code of thieving, fawning and fighting.

Against this background of mass action the authors have set the drama of two friends, Ivan and Semion, both of whom love Natascha, Semion's mistress. As long as they are prisoners Ivan remains loyal to his friendship and suppresses his passion. When, however, he realizes that their newly acquired freedom means that Semion is going to desert Natascha, friendship is forgotten and the two men come to death grips. Semion is killed and Natascha leaves with a Russian officer.

It is to be regretted that *Troyka* does not enjoy the benefits of better production, for the subject is genuinely interesting and at times exceedingly forceful. With better development of the mass action in the scenes following the news of freedom and less emphasis on the relations of the three principals, a far more striking effect could have been attained. In spite of the passivity of the rôle, Zita Johann played Natascha convincingly well. The part unfortunately does not offer an opportunity for her dynamic talent last exhibited in *Machinal*.

In *Love, Honor and Betray*, by Frederick and Fanny Hatton, from the French of André-Paul Antoine, (Eltinge Theatre,) we have the ingenious spectacle of three men who rise from their graves to discuss the woman who was responsible for their respective deaths. A

series of flash-backs proceeds to explain how this remarkable lady proved the undoing of each of them.

In the first of these scenes we find Alice Brady, as the lady, jilting her young fiancé—he isn't rich enough—who promptly shoots himself. Having started thus auspiciously, the redoubtable heroine proceeds to ensnare an elderly and very prosperous gentleman whom she exploits remorselessly. Heart failure accounts for him. In the meanwhile she carries on an affair with another young man who dies, literally, of a surfeit of love. There is a great deal of conversation about the habits of the female spider and a lot of so-called humor in the conversations between the three lovers in the graveyard of which "all women are alike—in being different" is a fair sample. In the end, however, the devastating heroine fails. In the very graveyard in which the three unfortunates are buried she tries to seduce her very personable chauffeur only to find that he is engaged to her daughter. The dead men laugh in dismal mockery.

FAR MORE pleasant to report on, however, is the return of Maurice Chevalier in a two weeks' engagement at the Fulton with a program of both French and American songs. Although the latter had a distinctly sentimental flavor, M. Chevalier's rendition of such old favorites as "Dites-moi, Ma Mère," "Valentine" and the one about the elephants proves that association with the talkies has certainly not spoiled his talent. M. Chevalier had not been on the stage five minutes before capturing the audience. His is certainly the

most engaging masculine smile that we have so far encountered, and he can express more humor in the tilt of a straw hat or a single gesture than many comedians can in an entire performance. We do not claim to be an authority on sex appeal, but judging from the behavior of the feminine half of the audience, we should advise Rudy Vallée to look to his laurels.

Guide to Current Shows

- ***Strictly Dishonorable:** Love and adventure in a speak-easy—delightful light comedy.
- Journey's End:** The great war play, perfectly acted.
- Berkeley Square:** Some metaphysics, a little magic, and much beauty—with Leslie Howard.
- ***Fifty Million Frenchmen:** Expertly produced musical comedy.
- ***Sons o' Guns:** A gay musical show with the irrepressible Jack Donahue and alluring Lily Damita.
- Deaths Takes a Holiday:** A magnificent idea about Death, inexpertly handled.
- Rebound:** Excellent cake, but not enough bread and butter.
- Dishonored Lady:** Melodrama of the deepest dye—with Katherine Cornell.
- ***Topaze:** Hats off to Lee Shubert for bringing this comedy from Paris.
- ***The Green Pastures:** The humble negro's story of the Lord God. The event of the season.
- The Apple Cart:** Burlesque and brains. Shaw's arid, penetrating political extravaganza.
- ***Simple Simon:** Thank Heaven for Ed. Wynn. Music, ballet and pleasing nonsense.

*Indicates the leading attractions as reported by the McBride and Tyson agencies.



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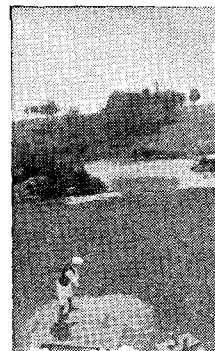
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The Movies

"The Man From Blankley's"

JOHN BARRYMORE has reverted to type, for a wonder, and given us a highly entertaining and fantastic farce entitled *The Man From Blankley's*. Frankly, most of us had despaired of the handsomest of the Barrymores, for in recent years he has been almost entirely concerned with the production of "epics"—and you know what they do to the constitution. It looked very much as though he would never be anything but a big handsome ham waving his arms and jumping about the set.

The Man From Blankley's (Warner) is one of the strangest and most delightfully insane comedies to reach the screen in years. The characters all appear to have been recruited from Dickens, both as to their names and their behavior. There are, for instance, Mr. and Mrs. Ditchwater, Mr. Bodfish, Miss Flinders, Mr. and Mrs. Gilwattle, Mr. Poffley, Miss Bugle and Mr. and Mrs. Tidmarsh. It has been so long now since Mr. Barrymore has been amusing that most of us have forgotten that he once made quite a name for himself as a comedian. In the present film he appears as an extra guest at a dinner party of the stuffiest, mouldiest and most improbable people who ever sat down together. The scene is a shabby, dampish-looking London dining room, and the costumes are composites of all the terrible garments produced in the past fifty years. Emily Fitzroy, the hostess, is under the impression that Lord Strathpeffer (Barrymore) is a man hired from Blankley's catering establishment to keep from having thirteen at table. Mr. Barrymore on the other hand, is several drinks to the good and believes he is visiting at the home of a fellow Egyptologist, and consequently insists on talking a great deal about scarabs and other beetles. Romance appears in the person of Loretta Young, the governess, while others in the cast are William Austin and Albert Gran. *The Man From Blankley's* is from a play by F. Anstey which toured the country many, many years ago.

"Under a Texas Moon"

Here is another big, bouncing operetta with a theme song (a good one, too) a lot of singers, acres of dancing señoritas, lots of southwestern scenery and a very faintly satirical performance by Frank Fay. Mr. Fay plays the part of Don Carlos, a gay cavalier whose

By CREIGHTON PEET

affairs with the ladies are so numerous as to be quite absurd, even funny, the picture would have you believe. I am sorry to say that *Under a Texas Moon* set me to fidgeting, counting lights in the theatre ceiling and wishing I was in the Fiji Islands or some other distant place. Now I realize that *Under a Texas Moon* cost a lot of money, perhaps as much as \$500,000—but the truth is that a simple little mystery movie called *In the Neat Room* (also produced by the Warner-First National studios) which must have set them back all of \$50,000, seemed to me infinitely better entertainment. It has no songs, no dancing ladies and no elaborate sets, but it does hold the attention. Most of its mysteries are quite silly and some of them are never really explained, but as such things go it is considerably better than the average Broadway mystery show. Jack Mulhall and Alice Day are the principals.

To return to *Under a Texas Moon*, one of the Spanish ladies of that film is Myrna Loy, who is this department's only substitute for Greta Garbo, if such a thing is possible. It is true that Myrna Loy (the girl has red hair and green eyes, they tell me) has never had a chance to do much of anything but run around in oriental costumes and talk pigeon English of one sort or another. In the *Squall* she did rather well in an impossible part—in the present film she is Don Carlos' final, and own true love. But give the girl a chance! Just because she is exotic and mysterious,

Worth Seeing

Anna Christie: Greta Garbo speaks, but O'Neill's play never quite comes to life.

The Green Goddess: George Arliss as a sinister old Rajah.

Hell Harbor: Beautiful photography by Henry King but Lupe Velez isn't so much.

Roadhouse Nights: Top notch melodrama about bootleggers and newspaper reporters.

The Rogue Song: Lawrence Tibbett, of grand opera, singing in a negligible scenario.

Sarah and Son: Ruth Chatterton's performance makes up for an impossible story.

Seven Day's Leave: Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper are touching in Barrie's, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals."

Song o' My Heart: John McCormack's singing voice is about the best on the screen. Very little plot.

Street of Chance: You can't afford to miss this one—William Powell as a cool, calculating gambler.

The Vagabond King: Good-looking pageant with Dennis King singing the original music.

Not So Good

Case of Sergeant Grisha: The Zweig war novel with Chester Morris looking very, very determined.

Lummo: Fannie Hurst's story of the unhappy servant girl, dragged out to great lengths.

Mammy: Al Jolson is again telling the world about his maternal relation.

producers are afraid to give her a lead in a real picture. Years ago they said Garbo was too awkward to make a success on the screen—and now don't they look silly? Myrna Loy has intelligence and I think it is high time somebody gave her a decent part.

"Honey"

Nancy Carroll and Skeets Gallagher and a little girl about eight years old named Mitzi Green succeed in making this venerable and much tried plot into an amusing light comedy. You will remember from somewhere in your past (no offense meant) the story of the impoverished brother and sister who are forced to rent their old Southern mansion and then hire themselves out as butler and cook, to wait on their tenants. Before you know it the daughter has fallen in love with the butler and the cook has captured the prize young man mama had imported for her daughter to become engaged to. Most of the comedy comes from Mlle. Mitzi Green who makes herself thoroughly obnoxious as a tattletale child who extorts cash from her elders for telling them secrets on each other. There are several song numbers which don't seem to matter much one way or another.

"The Girl Said No"

There are those who find the cute tricks of William Haines quite delightful—and there are those who find them extremely irritating. The point is that there seems to be some room for argument. If you look at Haines as a fantastic caricature of what a human being might be if he behaved like Haines, and care for that sort of thing, why, you care for it. On the other hand it is impossible to believe that his insulting, impertinent and exasperatingly coy mannerisms could ever win him the love of pretty Leila Hyams as they supposedly do in *The Girl Said No*. Haines is a bond salesman who spends all his time annoying the junior partner's beautiful blonde secretary. At the end he achieves success in true American style by getting a hard-headed old lady (Marie Dressler) drunk and selling her a whole bond issue at one crack. After this he rushes out, kidnaps Miss Hyams who is about to be married to the junior partner and rides off to wherever dreams come true. As usual, Miss Dressler gives the best performance in the picture.

From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Wolf

HE WAS born wolf. Even the full grown ones of the pack, in their occasional glimpses of him as a puppy—struggling to find his feet at the opening of the dim cave, or staggering uncertainly into the sunlight—even the old and scarred ones felt in this new creature an intensity of themselves. More. In this innocent beginning of a creature, a far instinct told them, was a threat to uncover their weakness.

His education was a simple matter. During those brief moments when wolf puppies hanker to express the guzzling, snuggling instincts of infancy, this one would fill himself, slumber, and wake immediately to a thousand new curiosities. Through his trials and mistakes, he learned more quickly than his mother—dozing in the sun or prowling intently after prey—was able to observe. For from the beginning he sought only two teachers, himself and his surroundings,—both incomprehensible and endless.

With the ease and perfection of savagry the puppy developed into young wolf. From flank to shoulder there was in him no weakness of muscle or coördination. In his far-seeing yellow eyes there was no emotion, no look of fear or hunger or suspicion; but only a strange luminosity that in a human being would have suggested imagination. In the wolf it was a look that seemed to perceive a something further on. His body, his limbs and his jaws were the arrows that followed that aim.

There was about him only one flaw. He had no cringing memory of pain. If pain afflicted him he brushed it aside and left it behind. And in this way he had lost his toes. Traps, appearing too innocent or hidden too cunningly, had been recognized a second too late. And in his burning need to be further on he had torn or bitten his way to freedom and traveled for a time on mangled feet. By the time he was full grown two toes upon his right hind foot were all that he had kept for his own use. The others had long ago been left behind him.

The pack had early chosen Two-toes for their leader. He led them where they were afraid to go, he attacked where they would have fled. Through him they knew adventures, they were conquerors, they killed and ate. Because of him they were more wolf than they had been born.

Through the four seasons, changing

and recurring, on and on Two-toes led his pack. Trusting sheep, feeding upon life so peacefully, looked up from their grazing to meet agony and sudden death. Goats at that swift appearance rushed into grotesque panic and perished. The furies of enraged bulls strangled and died in their throats at the sureness of Two-toes' attack. Until at last the world stopped hurrying for a moment and listened to the legend of a great wolf.

Songs were sung about him; hounds were trained to follow him; and the government of the country sent out its men with fire-arms to track him down. The bullets were lodged in trees, the men returned empty handed. The hounds, with their tongues hanging out, slunk homeward to their kennels. The songs became folk-songs about a monster never seen.

But the day came when Two-toes came upon an enemy unsuspected and unknown. Strange that his yellow eyes, looking always at that spot of distance further on, had never seen this one—had never taken account of Time. At the hand that cramped his muscles, that stiffened his huge neck, his blood only ran the hotter with resistance. To shake it off he led his pack to more desperate killings, to butchery beyond hunger, until the country-side once more remembered its defeat.

This time they would have him. An entire herd of goats had been torn to ribbons of blood and the footprint of Two-toes' hind leg sealed the crime. This time they would not return without him. A great band of property-owning hunters with their hounds and guns struck out into the forest.

Time was on their side. For Two-toes, zigzagging, doubling on his tracks, striking off through marshes, felt the hand again—exhaustion pinning him down. And as it closed, the wolves he led broke and scattered at his back. The hounds would now be on him.

The running men came upon their dogs baying at a huge fallen log. From inside the darkness blazed the yellow eyes of Two-toes. And as he looked there dropped between him and the sunlight the fine mesh of a net.

Later, the net became iron bars. The crowds outside stop every day to stare at him. No wolf so large was ever seen before—no wolf so intelligent—no wolf so murderous. But Two-toes stares beyond them, further on; his thoughts upon a net.

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►► In This Issue ◀◀

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR, formerly active in the woman's suffrage campaign and a member of the Council of National Defense, is now vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee and a member of the D. A. R., the League of Women Voters and numerous other societies. Mrs. Blair contributed "The Future of the Hinderland" to a recent issue of the Outlook and Independent.

ALBERT J. KELLER is professor of the science of society at Yale University, and author of many books on sociology, including *Through War to Peace*, *Evolution of Man* and *Starting Points in Social Science*.

C. C. NICOLET was formerly an editorial associate of Dr. Gruening on the Portland (Me.) *Evening News*, the surprising success of which he relates in this issue. Mr. Nicolet is now a member of the staff of the New York *Telegram*.

ROY ANDERSON, whose "Land of the Sourdough" appears in this issue is a resident of Ketchikan, Alaska, and a member of the staff of the *Alaskan Chronicle* of that city.

►► Next Week ◀◀

Literary Promoter, by John Bakeless.

As professor, lecturer, columnist and book endorser, William Lyon Phelps of Yale University, enjoys a national reputation. When he praises a book, new editions are in demand. Mr. Bakeless submits an interesting portrait of the widely known critic who once referred to the famous south tower of the Cathedral of Chartres as "just a church steeple, matched a hundred times in Ohio and Indiana."

The New French Army, by Lt. Col. Charles Bugnet.

The recent war and the realization that best interests of France are served by a peaceful political policy are responsible for a complete reorganization, to go into effect in 1930, of the French Army. Col. Bugnet discusses the changes in size, organization and methods of training, and points out that, as its primary function is defensive, the new French Army is actually an element of peace.

Parents and Prohibition, Anonymous.

Although evil, saloons, in the author's youth, were segregated and avoidable. Under prohibition, he claims, drinking has become ubiquitous and hypocritical with the result that the problem of educating children in the proper use of alcoholic beverages is becoming increasingly difficult. Owing to the personal nature of his article the author prefers to remain anonymous.

Why Prices Keep Falling, by William O. Scroggs.

While the trend of commodity prices has been downward for the last ten years, index numbers of wholesale prices also show a decline. Although not yet at the pre-war level, the purchasing power of the dollar has risen to approximately what it was in 1921. The author analyzes the causes underlying the decline and suggests that it may become as severe as in the periods following the Napoleonic and American Civil Wars.

Toward a New Life, by John Coffey.

Following his despairing attempt at suicide the author experienced a spiritual revolution. Although the signing of the Armistice terminated his desire to join the Army, Mr. Coffey held firmly to his determination to improve himself. In the concluding instalment of the "Autobiography of an Ex-Thief" he describes his attainment of a more social philosophy.

►► Hidden Treasures ◀◀

By ARTHUR STRAWN

IT IS A CURIOUS fact that the finest collection of modern paintings in the world, with the possible exception of a collection in Moscow, is to be found in a privately owned museum in the little town of Merion, Pennsylvania.

Here, in the midst of a twelve-acre park, stands a French Renaissance palace known as the Barnes Foundation. It houses more than a thousand paintings, including one-hundred-and-fifty Renoirs, a hundred Cezannes, forty pictures by Picasso and Matisse, and works by Soutine, Seurat, Van Gogh and Gauguin. Important American artists such as Glackens, Luks, Prendergast and Lawson are represented. There is moreover an ever-growing group of Old Masters, including Goya, El Greco, Veronese, Tintoretto and Rubens, as well as a rare collection of primitive African sculpture and numerous examples of ancient Chinese, Persian, and Egyptian art.

The museum cost more than a million dollars to build. The pictures are estimated to be worth five millions and are increasing in value. The Foundation established to maintain the museum has been endowed for more than six million dollars. And the one person responsible for all this is Dr. Albert C. Barnes, an elderly physician and chemist, whose discovery of the formula for argyrol made him a millionaire at the age of thirty, and whose casual interest in art developed into a passion which today, at the age of fifty-seven, has definitely established him as one of the most significant figures in American art.

Albert C. Barnes was born into a poor Philadelphia family. He attended public school there and won a scholarship to the University of Pennsylvania, obtaining funds with which to complete his medical course there by playing semi-professional baseball. On being graduated he went to Heidelberg to study chemistry, and added to his meager resources abroad by singing American Negro folk songs in a German beer garden at night.

While courting the future Mrs. Barnes he conducted chemical experiments on her kitchen gas range and finally evolved his formula for argyrol. He patented it, after a long fight got the medical profession to endorse it, and then established a factory in Philadelphia to manufacture the drug. When most of the states passed laws compelling doctors to put a few drops of the

medicine in the eyes of new-born babies to prevent certain kinds of blindness, Dr. Barnes found himself a wealthy man.

He established a six-hour day at his factory and devoted the other two hours to classes in which he read and discussed philosophy and psychology with his employees, one of whom was a colored gentleman who could neither read nor write. It was at these classes that Dr. Barnes discovered Santayana's writings on beauty and aesthetics which first aroused his interest in art and led him to buy a few unimportant paintings of the Barbizon school which he put up in the factory to be observed and discussed by his seminar. Art soon became his major interest.

In acquiring his first Renoirs and Cezannes, about fifteen years ago, he relied much on the judgment of the painter, William Glackens, a former school mate in Philadelphia. But by an intensive study of pictures and frequent visits to all the important museums of the world, Barnes not only developed a thorough knowledge of art, but was able, about four years ago, to write *The Art in Painting*, an authoritative book on the subject.

Last summer he sold his chemical factory and now devotes himself almost exclusively to his Foundation, where he gives courses in art appreciation not entirely unlike those he used to have for his employees. To obtain permission to view his collection an applicant must first satisfy Dr. Barnes that his interest is inspired by more than mere curiosity or gushing enthusiasm, and he takes delight in writing squelching letters of refusal. Indeed, pugnacity has always been one of his dominant characteristics and he has engaged in so many violent controversies with artists, teachers and museum officials that he is able to rejoice in a host of enemies, most of whom nevertheless are compelled to render him grudging tribute for his unusual achievements. The slightest disagreement with any of his theories of art is usually enough to provoke Dr. Barnes to furious response. Probably the only living man to whose advice Dr. Barnes will even listen is John Dewey, with whom he has been on friendly terms for years.

A thick-set man of good height, with grey hair, quick blue eyes, ruddy complexion and firm jaw, he looks more like a hard-boiled athletic coach than a student of aesthetics. Dynamic and rest-

less, one gets the impression that the zest with which he embraces a quarrel comes from a need to release some of his seething nervous energy. He is a thorough student of music and an ardent admirer of Negro spirituals. He has a large library and reads incessantly in German, French and English. Twice a year he goes abroad to buy pictures and to visit museums. His arrival in Paris is an event and dealers produce their most alluring canvasses in an effort to interest him. His judgment is so highly regarded that it is said he can establish a painter's reputation by buying his pictures, and he practically "made" Soutine by picking one of his canvasses off a cafe wall. For an American collector to attain such a position on the strength of his judgment rather than because of his millions is an attainment rare in the annals of art.

Land of the Sourdough

(Continued from Page 611)

realizes all that, he vows to remain forever with Alaska. It is no idle boast when proud sourdoughs murmur, "Once an Alaskan, always an Alaskan."

So many look upon Alaska as cold and forbidding that it is perhaps difficult for them to picture the Alaskan complacent in such bleak surroundings. But here are the weather records for the fiscal year ending in 1929. Let us look first at Juneau, on the southern coast, typical of the larger cities. Here the lowest point reached by the mercury during all the long winter was eleven degrees above zero, Fahrenheit. In the summer it was never hotter than eighty-five degrees. This climate was far more equable than that in Boston, or Kansas City, or Philadelphia, for the same period. Let us look next at Barrow — most northerly — bordering the Arctic ocean. During the same period, the coldest recorded there was thirty-eight below zero. During the summer the mercury hovered at times on the seventy degree mark.

I hesitate to dismiss the Alaskan and his vast country thus perfunctorily. Alaska is so large that there is certain to be a variety of interests. Some of these must be overlooked. We have omitted a discussion of air pioneers who have blazed new trails far in the north. We have overlooked the plodding prospectors whose patient work oftentimes has produced fortunes for themselves and others. We have not considered the hardship willingly endured by those who occupy the very outposts of a country that in itself still is little more than an outpost. Still, we have looked briefly upon those Alaskans who today

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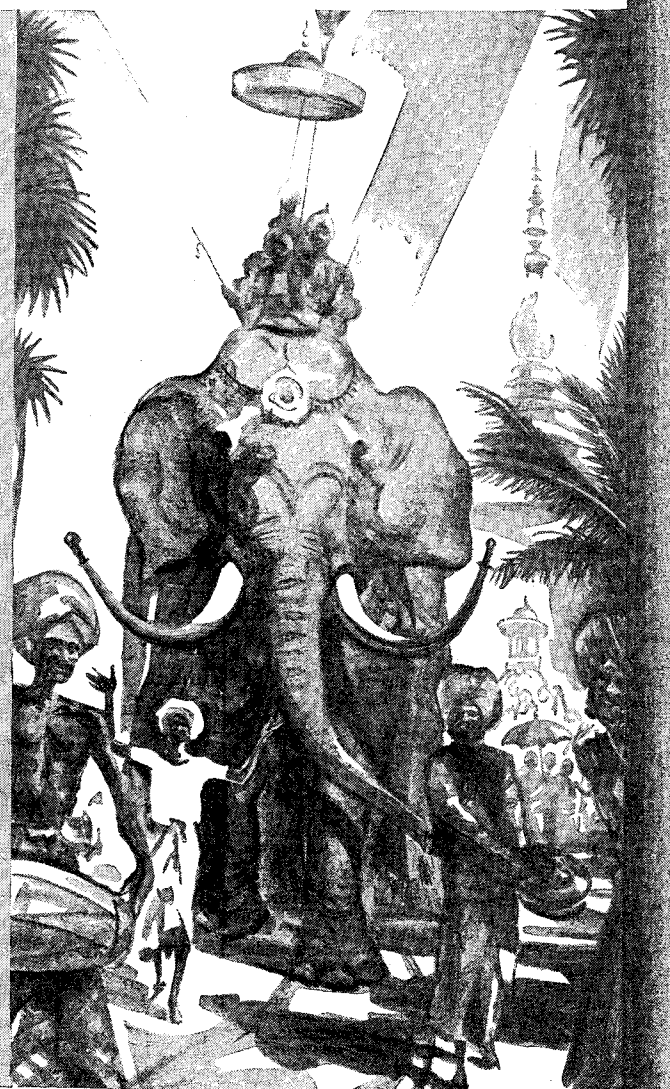
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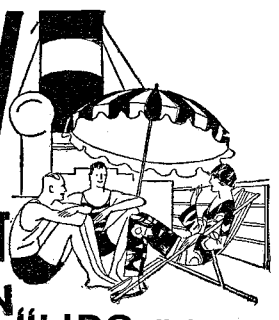
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State of New York, County of New York, ss.—
Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Francis R. Bellamy, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of THE OUTLOOK and INDEPENDENT, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and regulations to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Editor—Francis R. Bellamy, 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City. Managing Editor—None. Business Manager—The Outlook Co., 120 East 16th St., N. Y. City.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. (Signed) FRANCIS R. BELLAMY, Publisher. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1930.

(Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.

[SEAL] Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County Clerk's No. 18; New York County Register's No. 2E10; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1932.

are the leaders. We should be satisfied.

A typical Alaskan? What could be more fitting than to designate George A. Parks, governor of the Territory, now serving his second term as appointee of a Republican administration. Governor Parks, famed as the bachelor governor whose hobby is aviation, knows every corner of Alaska as do few others. He has traveled over much of it clad in fur parka, breaking trail over snow-covered tundra, in the days before the Alaska Railroad was known and airplanes were too imaginative to be seriously considered as a means of transportation. The governor is, indeed, a sourdough among sourdoughs.

Venture in Independence

(Continued from Page 608)

nett papers fought for export as a matter of life and death. The other papers of the state, except the relatively independent ones in Bangor, were lured into the Insull camp by heavy advertising appropriations and other inducements. Even the Bangor papers, the *News* and the *Commercial* were not outspokenly against export. They maintained, roughly, a neutral policy. The Bangor Hydro-Electric Company which serves that district, is the only important one in the state not owned by Insull.

Only the *Portland Evening News*, then less than two years old, fought the power interests—not so much in opposition to the theory of export, as on the ground that the proposed law did not safeguard the state's rights, having been drawn up, admittedly, by Insull attorneys. The *News* was aided by an organization born in the spring of 1929, the Consumers Protective League. Neither the *News* nor the League had any excess money to spend. Opposed to the half million of Insull, the anti-power group spent a total of something under \$5,000. The Republican machine backed the power interests. Governor Gardiner indorsed all the referendum questions. The Democrats were divided. But on election day, the people of the state voted against power export, which is to say, against the Insulls, Wyman and Gannett, by a majority of 10,000 out of 100,000 votes cast.

Only one other question remains in the test of whether the *News* may be called a success: the question of fundamental honesty. Mention has been made of the mystery thrown about its financial backing in its early days. That was a grave error, for it gave its opponents a chance to circulate remarkable rumors about it—rumors that culminated during last summer's campaign, in the interesting combination of reports

that the paper was financed by J. P. Morgan, who sought thus to undermine the interests of Insull; that it was backed by the International Power and Paper Company, which did not desire Insull competition in its Massachusetts field; and that it was supported by Soviet Russia to undermine the United States Government. All those charges were made quite seriously by the Gannett press.

Actually the *News* is, so far as investigations have disclosed, financed by exactly the persons who purport to be financing it—Philip Chapman and Guy Dunton, president and vice president of the Chapman Bank and Trust Company of Portland. This bank is the only large bank in Maine not controlled by Wyman and Gannett. Its not unselfish interest in seeing to it that the state has an organ not entirely controlled by its banking rivals is clear. But the important point is that Chapman and Dunton—or whoever they represent if by any chance they do not themselves own the paper—have left in the hands of Dr. Gruening the entire editorial control of the *News*. Brewster is a law partner of Chapman, and the *News* has supported Brewster; but Brewster is the only politician even faintly liberal in the state who has any substantial following or any hope of political success. And the *News* has not hesitated to criticise Brewster at times. The *News* has not fought for the Chapman interests; it has only fought against the Gannett interests and for the things in which Dr. Gruening believed. His sincerity is not open to question by any one who has followed the history of the paper.

It is unfortunate that Chapman and Dunton endeavored at first to conceal their interest in the paper; it is unfortunate that Brewster, the only liberal hope of the moment in Maine, is so closely allied to Chapman, who is not a liberal himself; it is unfortunate that newspaper and banking interests should be linked on both sides of the fence. It is unfortunate, but it is inevitable. A newspaper today must have powerful financial backing to support it in the long months before it can hope to pay its own expenses.

Despite these handicaps, the *News*, on the basis of its public record, may reasonably be considered an honest, forward-looking newspaper, a sincerely liberal newspaper, which has forced its way against heavy odds to a position within reach of success in a community where the cards were stacked against it.

If that can be done in Maine, it certainly can be done elsewhere.

Birth-Control

(Continued from Page 619)

naturally cease to discharge its age-long function. Inheritance would be thrown into confusion, and with it the property-system in general. But who expects anything like that? Even those who are too selfish, or dainty, to breed, expect others to go on producing hosts for them to be parasitic upon. If race-suicide ever did come to pass, the matter would soon be settled by the disappearance of the non-propagating group. The family is going on, so long as there are human societies.

This does not mean, however, that birth-control will fail to show the outstanding results to be expected from the entrance of such a novel and potent factor into the social equation. On the contrary, one may even hope, at length, for a type of family that is relieved, as many a family is already relieved, of the age-old handicaps of a low standard of living, due to the impossibility of rational control. This seems generously to offset the possible, or even probable, drawbacks involved. It promises a kind of millenium.

In any case, one must be a confirmed optimist to believe that, as the world fills up, the traditional policy of development of the arts of life is going to be adequate to take care of unrestricted fecundity. Without any propaganda at all, limitation of numbers has been quietly, if clumsily, extending its range. Here is one of those automatic developments that are alone competent to make history.

In Defense of the Spendthrift

(Continued from Page 605)

different standard of values.

It is, of course, possible that some money-savers might have reacted differently to these situations. But I have seen few persons with the getting ahead philosophy who approach such situations with detachment from money values. The Jews, it seems, are the only people able to adopt this philosophy without affecting their sense of values in other realms than business.

What the philosophy of wealth getting offers faithful savers every one knows. If it were not so evident in our civilization today there would not be so many of them nor their influence on our morals and mores be so potent. The banker would not be, as in fact he is, king. What the philosophy of the spender offers him is not, apparently, so well known. But he has his reward. And not alone in the pleasures he derives from such simple things as flowers

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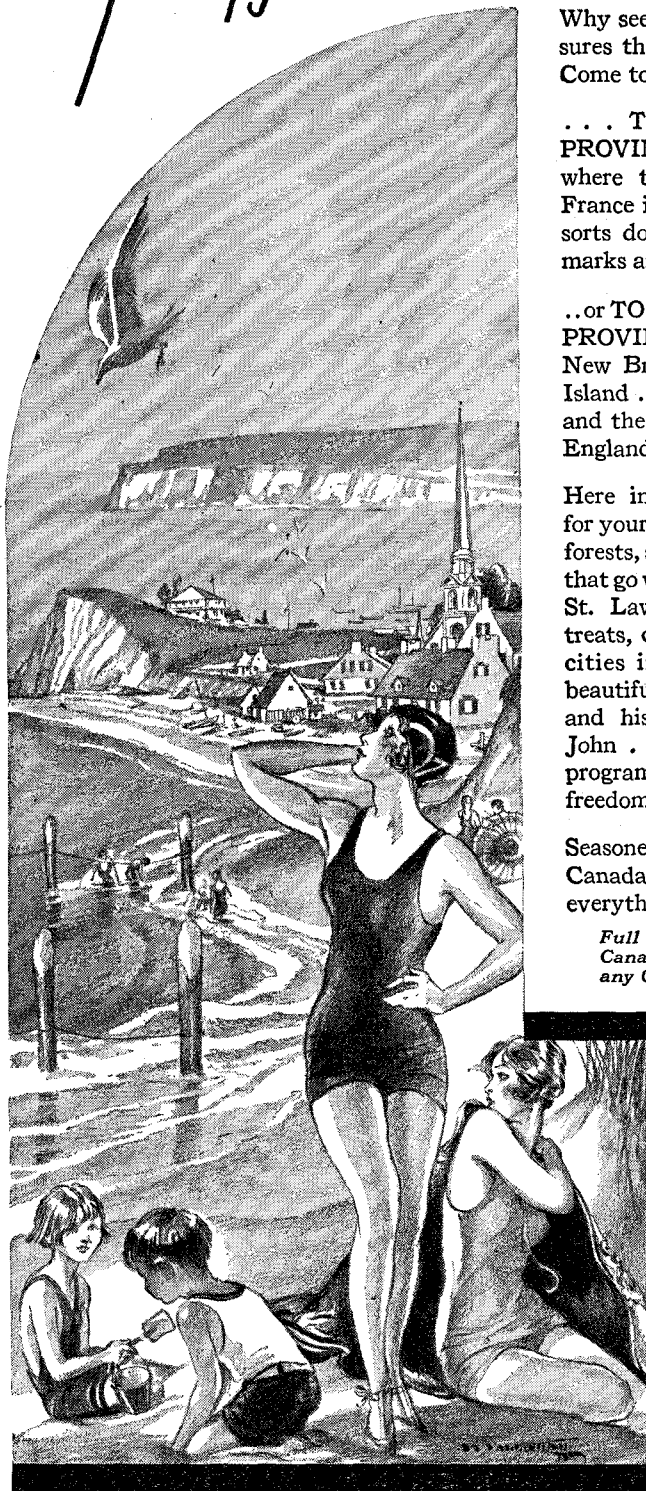
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in a garden, furniture in a home, books in a library. But in the thoughts, the qualities, the emotions it allows him which the go-getter must of necessity stifle as well as in the experiences it permits. I can myself bear witness to that. The things I could not have done, people I would never have known, things I would not have enjoyed, places I would never have been, offer ever wider and wider opportunities. These seem to me so much more valuable than collateral in a tin box.

Our philosophy, I acknowledge, has its bad points. I do not ignore them. If greed, avarice, meanness, stinginess, selfishness, and uncharitableness can develop out of the getting ahead philosophy, so can shiftlessness, lack of responsibility, self-indulgence and selfishness, extravagance and profligacy develop from the extreme of the experience philosophy. It is hard to tread the happy mean. I am well aware of the importance of the savers. They are the builders of our physical world. Their savings it is that develop industries, make commerce possible, finance inventions, endow hospitals and universities. Their estates in the hands of the right kind of descendants make possible a leisure that may be rich for the development of things of the mind and spirit.

But though I remember what successful financiers have done with their money on a large scale for human betterment, I do not forget those spenders whose lives have been equally beneficial to society. The historic example, it seems to me, is Thomas Jefferson. He did not lack ability. But it was ability to create, to reform. Inventor, musician, scholar, statesman, architect, he was always the spender, not the saver. And today thousands journey to the house he built, some as to a shrine and all as to the monument of a unique personality that spent life in being rather than in acquiring. For he left no fortune. What he had he spent on books, on travel, on hospitality, on politics—in short, on living. Equal, at least, his contribution to society to that of the savers.

To appreciate one is not to discredit the other. To each man his own place, his own method. The important thing would seem to be for each man to know

his own method. To work by any other, in fact, is impossible. Not long ago a man of my acquaintance who was making a success in banking said to himself: "What am I getting out of life? What will I be when I am fifty? Like all these other bankers I see about me? I do not want that life." And so he sold his banking interests and bought a publishing house. He thought the contacts and the life it would bring him would be more rewarding than banking. So he proceeded to devote his unusual talents for finance to the reorganization of this business. But not long after—

**Through a Glass Darkly**

From the Trend of Events in the Outlook of April 19, 1950

The Executive Manager of the Anti-Reapportionment Association, in an air statement, said: "The country did without a census in 1940 and should reject in no uncertain terms the proposal for a census in 1950."

At a meeting of the Theatrical Producers Association, President Solomon Flop announced that steps would immediately be taken to curb the operations of the ticket speculators.

President Ileana Smith of Rumania, on her arrival at the airport of Chicago, expressed enthusiasm for the fleet of 2000 kiddie-planes, piloted by grammar school children, which escorted her on the last hundred miles of her journey.

Representatives of the League for the Restoration of the Prohibition Amendment presented a petition to Congress, bearing three miles of signatures. The petition contained figures indicating that since the repeal of the amendment drunkenness has increased 159 per cent; arson, murder and mayhem, 129 per cent; illiteracy, 75 per cent; bank failures and diabetes, 133 per cent. A petition bearing three miles of signatures was presented by the Chianti Drinkers Association. It contained statistics indicating that since the repeal of the amendment drunkenness has decreased 159 per cent; arson, murder and mayhem, 129 per cent; illiteracy, 75 per cent; bank failures and diabetes, 133 per cent.



wards he was back in the speculative field making money hand over fist. Whether he left his publishing business because it did not yield him the pleasure he expected or whether he discovered that a talent for finance was not the one to make a publishing house successful I have, of course, no way of knowing. But it is a fact that most men can be successful only if they enter the field to which by nature they are adapted. That is why, in spite of my friend's jolt by the bankers, if I had my life to live again, I don't doubt that I would adopt the same philosophy again.

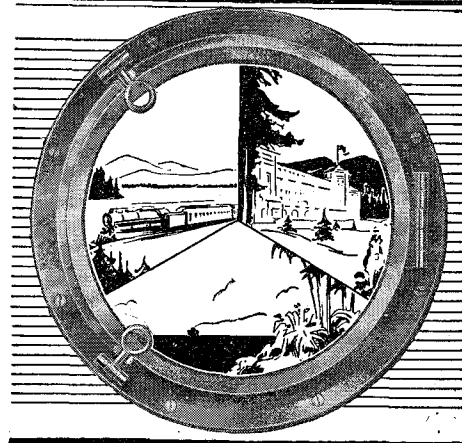


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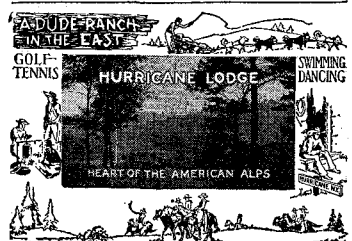
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With Our Readers

Religion in Russia

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

San Francisco

DEAR SIR:

In view of the recent protests against the Soviet Government's anti-religious policy (a resume of which was set forth in an editorial in the Outlook for March 5) the unbiased observations of an American visitor to Russia may be of some general interest.

Arriving in Moscow during Easter Week last year, I was surprised to see churches filled with worshippers and the sacred candles burning in many homes. Even greater was my surprise when, at an all-night out-door church service attended by thousands, I saw Soviet troops protecting the worshippers and saw them actually take into custody a small group of radicals who tried to break up the service.

... Although in the early years of the Soviet regime the government conducted an active campaign against the Church (the priests being considered chief among the opponents to the new order) the government later changed its policy, adopting that of neutrality. Any church whose congregation will support it and will pay a reasonable rent to the government, not only has the right to continue its services but is even protected in that right. Most congregations are supporting their churches in this way. Those churches failing support revert to the government, which then turns the buildings to other uses. Many congregations petition the government to take their church buildings over. Of the churches no longer in use as houses of worship, I found those of architectural value or of historic interest preserved with meticulous care. The situation was the same in Leningrad and in the smaller towns I visited.

... It might be well to remember that under the old Czarist regime, persecution of the Jews reached an almost unprecedented height. I have been told by Russian Jews who are not in sympathy with the present form of government that there is more freedom of religious thought and far less persecution of the Jews in Russia now than ever before the Revolution.

I have no doubt that priests and rabbis are still sometimes officially executed—not because of being church leaders, but because of their working against the government. In that case punishment is swift and sure. Execution of traitors, however, is positively not the daily exercise nor the chief concern of the Soviet Government, as our newspapers would lead us to believe. The government's program is too big and important and constructive for these incidents to be in any way typical.

In 1913, under the old regime, Russia had 40,000 churches but only 12,600 doctors to care for the health of her one hundred and sixty million people. In 1929 there were still 37,000 churches in operation and the number of doctors had been raised from 12,600 to 44,800.

In 1913 the priests lived well and prosperously in Russia, but thirty five out of every 100 babies born there died before they reached the age of one year. In 1929 the infant death rate had been cut down from thirty five to eighteen.

In 1913, under the guidance of the priests, seventy four per cent of the population was completely illiterate. In 1929 illiteracy had been reduced to forty four per cent.

In 1913 the average peasant had very little recreation other than that of going to church and learning the church ritual. Today in many peasant districts whole families come into the village in the evening to attend classes where they are taught to read and write, to listen to the radio, to hear lectures, and to see moving pictures, many of which are educational. In these community centers are also clinics, where any one may go for treatment or advice.

In 1913 the priests suffered no hardship, but the laborers were forced to work for from twelve to fourteen hours daily. Today the working day is eight and in some industries six hours.

In 1913 there was practically no kindergarten nor day nursery service for the children of the city laborer. Today the laborer going to work knows that his children will be cared for all day in a kindergarten or day nursery; that they will be supervised in work and play by experts; that they will be well fed and given sleep and rest periods; that at regular intervals they will have a complete medical examination.

Other significant comparisons might be made. I might mention the laborers' clubs; the youths' organizations, similar to our Boy Scouts and

Campfire Girls; the excellent musical and dramatic productions made easily available to the laboring class in the cities; the museums now distributed throughout Russia, in which every one now can see the art treasures and historic relics formerly hoarded in churches and private palaces; the peasant houses in farm districts, where graphic instruction in farm methods is given freely to the thousands of peasants who come there for advice. These and many other institutions represent definite accomplishment. They may be seen by any visitor to Russia who will look about him with open eyes and an open mind.

RALPH A. REYNOLDS, M. D.

Sham Battle

Somewhere in the Caribbean

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

If you had covered "war" games as often as I have, you could appreciate how heartily I agree with your editorial on that subject in your issue of March 12. If you could hear what the sham war-correspondents say about them, because it couldn't be printed and would have to be typed on asbestos! It is silly stuff to write, but the fighters take it so seriously that it would be difficult to get the information on which to base a straight forward account of the manoeuvres.

There has been an attempted landing. The Flag Secretary tells the press in answer to the question as to the distance from the Canal: "Of course, we can't tell that. We are not advertising all the possible landing places in the Bay of Panama." But later at a cocktail party at the Union Club the sham war-correspondent may learn from one of the umpires all of the details.

Great Headquarters knows nothing of the position of the "Black Fleet." There is no information as to when the attack may be launched. "We are looking for them." Yet half an hour later the sham war-correspondent having a drink with a ship's runner in a Panama bar may be informed that he has a radio from the Lexington that deliveries are to be made Thursday and that the battle fleet will take deliveries Friday and the cruisers and destroyers not until Saturday. The information is telephoned to the intelligence officer, who neither appreciates the information nor the joke.

Then at a reception for a Bishop the sham war-correspondent may hear an elderly Admiral tell a group of admiring ladies, some of them D.A.R., of the air attack that may be expected early next morning. That coincides with the information of the ship's runner, but headquarters is completely in the dark about it all. Let you see an attempt to write straightforwardly after it has been censored and you, too, will feel like "blazing away" like a silly sham

WAR-CORRESPONDENT

Fighting Words

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

New York

DEAR SIR:

I note that the March 17th issue of *Time*, the weekly newsmagazine, in an article on the recent Communist demonstration at Union Square, New York, refers to the *sedate Outlook*.

Diligent search in Roget's *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases* yields, among others, the following synonyms for *sedate*: calm, demure, grave, quiet, solemn, staid, still, tranquil,—characterized by habitual composure.

Ye Gods! To have *Time*, a news review, apply any of these adjectives to the Outlook and Independent, which is aggressively advocating repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, is really too thick. *Sedate* be damned.

T. M. SULLIVAN

Prosperity among the Vintners

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

Sanger, Calif.

DEAR SIR:

The prohibition question per se means very little to me, but when a publication with the reputation of yours uses such an article as that entitled "The Happy Grape Growers" which appeared in the current issue I am impelled to ask

why you did not make sure of the facts which it contains before printing such an attack on the means of existence of a considerable part of our people.

Mr. Horst claims to be a grape grower and gives the impression that he would consider himself in clover on receiving no more than ten dollars per ton for his fresh grapes. How does he explain the fact that in Fresno County, which he seems to believe is the center of the paradise in which prohibition has thrust the grape grower, the banks have been taking over ranch after ranch in the past seven years, and other thousands of ranches are insolvent under present conditions and are not taken over by the banks only because these institutions themselves have such a vast undigested stomachful of failing grape crops?

It is strange that Mr. Horst does not know the by any logical system of bookkeeping the cost of raising a crop of grapes in this section passes the ninety dollar per acre mark some time ago, and with irrigation costs rising with a decreasing water supply, is still going up. Saleable grapes do not average over five tons to the acre—often not more than two or three, although a favorably located vineyard may run ten or twelve tons at times. Where does the grower "get off" at ten or even twenty dollars a ton? Certainly not at the paradise station at which Mr. Horst imagines he is.

The facts are available in many places. For instance, in a booklet put out by Fresno County some years ago, when this community was prosperous, (for obvious reasons none such have been issued of late years, when the need has been, not to increase, but to decrease the grape acreage) the average investment in a bearing vineyard was given as more than six hundred dollars. Need I say that it was not overestimated. The cost per acre of a grape crop from the figures given figured out somewhere more than eighty-eight dollars? Need I say that the figures, given to attract people to the industry, were not too high? Mr. Horst grants that since those days the cost per ton of growing grapes has increased some two dollars, or about ten dollars to the average acre. Mr. Horst is evidently favorably situated if his costs have risen no more than two dollars.

The large sections of this state where the grape crop means bread and butter to the people are at present making a back-to-the-wall stand to get the industry on its feet again, not to become wealthy, as they read that racketeers and other hangers-on of prohibition in the East have become, but simply to shape things up so that there will be some prospect that in a few years they will be even with the world again. At this time they need all of the aid and sympathy which the country can give them. Certainly they do not deserve that the Outlook, which has been regarded highly in California should deal them such an unthinking blow at this time when it is a matter of general knowledge in this state that the die is being cast which will determine whether the grape and raisin industry will continue, or be driven from existence as an industry supporting a large population.

M. W. ALLEN

Editors' Note—In his article on the prosperity of the California grape growers Mr. Horst limited himself to a discussion of conditions among growers of wine grapes or "juice grapes" as they are known. That he is well aware of the distress prevalent among raisin and table grape growers is shown by the following letter.

To the Editor of the
Outlook and Independent:

San Francisco

DEAR SIR:

Referring to the letter from Mr. Maxwell W. Allen dated March 6th, in reference to my article "The Happy Grape Growers."

There can be no doubt but that the wine grape growers in California are prosperous, but there is also no doubt that the raisin and table grape growers are and have been for many years in horrible distress.

In round figures, the wine grape production represents twenty per cent of California's total grape production, table grapes represent about fifteen per cent and raisin grapes about sixty five per cent.

In my opinion, there is no relief in sight for the raisin grape growers, even with the help that the Farm Board proposes to give them.

E. CLEMENS HORST